



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

FOR many years Toronto has been a profitable market for talk-merchants and word-pedlars from across the border, and our people have been somewhat too patient in listening to these imported orators, who, in their line, have been too often not artists but mere kalsominers. They come to us as religious revivalists, temperance advocates, experts on questions of education, social reformers, dress reformers—anything or everything. Is it not about time the people of Toronto began to show a nicer discrimination? Is it not about time to enquire a little more closely into the moral worth and mental force of the "renowned orators" who are brought over here to interest us, and who so frequently prove to be little more than loud noises—fluent reciters of memorized speeches, platform actors. Too often you are quite unable to put any faith in their earnestness, or to escape the feeling that their whole equipment is self-assurance. In their speeches you notice a great deal of the shallow smartness of the vaudeville stage, and much of the bathos of melodrama, but you have an uncomfortable feeling that intellect and sincerity are lacking. When you meet one of these men after he has delivered his oration on some question of moral reform, and he asks you how you liked "his stunt," your half-formed prejudice against him is confirmed.

There are too many travelling showmen in the field of religious, social and moral reform, and decent everyday people are not half so slow in recognizing spurious advocates of reform, as those who locally manage such movements seem to suppose. In any kind of moral crusade the impostor can render no real service, and these travelling word-sellers leave earnest men in doubt of the sincerity underlying a whole movement.

In the last year or two we have had several severe disappointments in this city with orators from across the line, and the reason for it seems to be that local committees, in their desire to do something, are too ready to do business with men who apply by mail for the job of teaching Toronto what's-what for a percentage of the gate receipts. Before placing churches and halls at the disposal of men who describe themselves as renowned, a closer scrutiny of their credentials and qualifications should be made.

TAKE the question of temperance—although there is quite as much ground for complaint in some other directions—and we find that the people of this city are being constantly stormed at by speakers from across the border who come from cities where they have ten saloons for our one, and from States where early closing regulations, as well enforced as with us, would be considered ideal. Some years ago I spent a week in Ohio, and in a small city saw hundreds of saloons wide open and busy all day Sunday—doing double the business done on any other day of the week. Shortly after returning home I heard a prohibition orator from Ohio rousing the enthusiasm of a large crowd of our own people in favor of the Scott Act, and telling them what a wave of sentiment along the same line was sweeping over his own State. The man was not honest with his audience, and no man can lie a good cause forward. He tried to shame Ontario into keeping pace with the progress being made in Ohio, whereas there never had existed in this province such a wide open saloon business as flourished at that moment in his own State. Some will say by way of excuse for him that he was one who fought against the liquor traffic at home as well as abroad—but his fighting if not done honestly, was not intelligent, and could not in the end count for anything. At least one of his auditors asked himself the question: "If this man's cause be good, why does he seek to deceive us in this way?"

Men come here, also, and tell us of the great wave of prohibition now sweeping over the Southern States, and urge Canada not to lag behind in this continental movement. Such talk is foolish in these days of travel and intimate intercourse. The conditions against which the people in the South are in revolt were never known in Ontario. In Toronto we have 144 licensed bars. In New Orleans, a city not much greater in population, they have had 2,500 licensed bars. Not only so, but about one-third of the population of that city is colored, so that altogether the drink evil there reached proportions of which we know nothing. The wonder is not that there is a prohibition wave passing over the South; the wonder is that such a wave was so long in coming. In a city where bars are counted by the thousands and where political pull is so strong, no half-way measure like license-reduction and early closing could be put into effect. Those engaged in the liquor trade were too strong in politics to be overthrown, until the great body of the people discovered that the one and only means of securing reform was to throw their weight on the side of the total prohibitionists. This will clear the ground. It will make possible a new deal. It may not suppress the liquor trade, but it will reform it—and those who say it cannot be reformed speak rashly and without knowing that there are a hundred different degrees in which an evil may continue.

LIFE would be vastly different from what it is if every evil could be suppressed by act of parliament. If we could draw up and agree upon a list of all those things which are evil, and have them suppressed, the results might be satisfactory. It would be difficult, however, to draw up a list on which men would agree, because so many excellent things, so many essentials, are capable of dreadful abuse. Drugs which, when intelligently used, serve as blessings from heaven, prove black curses in the hands of the weak. Soldiers in the Boer war, far removed from bars, used to get drunk by eating the powder from their cartridges. We may depend upon it that we shall never so improve this world that human beings may be born into it freed from the responsibility of so living as to make or mar their lives. This is by no means an argument in favor of keeping open any danger that may be closed up—each generation should do all the work it can on the road of life to make travel safer for those who shall come after. But the roadway can never be made so safe as to exempt travellers from the necessity of observing caution and

assuming personal responsibility for their own safety. We cannot so police the highway of life that folly will be as safe as wisdom. It is, therefore, much easier to imagine a future generation of men who will not drink because they do not believe in drinking, than one which will practice total abstinence because they place intoxicants beyond their reach. There is no real safety in the high shelf. But good sense can be cultivated.

No man of middle age need be told that there has been a great advance in temperance in Toronto and throughout Ontario in his life-time. By certain methods of figuring some persons undertake to show the contrary, but men who have been in the thick of life in town and country for twenty-five years know that there is less liquor drinking. The commercial travellers who pace the province observantly will tell you that the change is marked. The railway companies enforce abstinence on their men. Skilled mechanics are no longer allowed to absent themselves for their pay-day spree. The time has come when the applicant for any kind of position who shows signs of being a drinker, is refused the post, until the idea has penetrated even the thickest skulls that it is foolish to carry any such handicap as this. In other words com-

that it pays to steer clear of any kind of street disturbance, because when a big policeman rushes into a street crowd, he always grabs somebody and marches him off. Where there has been an assault it is usually the victim of it who remains on the scene, bleeding and indignant, to be bundled into the patrol wagon, and next morning, in seven seconds, fined one dollar and costs.

The man who was so ungallant as to refuse to recover the lady's suit case is probably a cautious citizen who knows his way about town and always moves on when a policeman tells him to. Evidently he has noticed that no explanation is of any use once a policeman has taken a man by the wrist and led him away. Even in this case the Unknown is probably consoling himself with the reflection that by acting as he did he avoided the publicity of a street row and the inconvenience of appearing in police court as a witness.

In short, we cannot expect much knight errantry on the streets under our police system. What, then, was that man's duty when the lady appealed to him. Perhaps he should have said: "Madam, you say he is stealing your valise. Very well, come along! I will go with you until we can refer this matter to a policeman." That much he

as an English writer remarks, it is hardly fair to allow steamship companies to persuade poor people to sell all they own and spend it on transportation, only to be refused entrance to Canada, and returned to England shorn of even the poor possessions they formerly had. It might be well to set up a system of inspection on the other side of the pond.

Some of the English journals cannot free their minds of the idea that there should be no questions asked when a British subject desires to shift his residence from one part of the Empire to another. Let it be freely admitted that the ideal Empire would be one of that kind, with noiseless swing-doors between each division. But unfortunately conditions will not permit Canadians to accept any such free and easy arrangement. We are a nation of hard workers. Our climate, while the finest in the world, has certain peculiarities which make useless people a heavy burden on the industrious, and we feel confident that we can produce as many useless people as we will care to handle. When a London magistrate discharges a prisoner on condition that he must emigrate to Canada, and when communities raise funds to pay the passage out of undesirable families, it becomes necessary for the people of this country to inspect new arrivals and reject those who appear to be sent here to be nursed in hospitals, guarded in prisons or tended in asylums.

M. R. WILSON, of Niagara Falls, has been appointed Park Commissioner of Toronto by the editor of The Evening Telegram. Nobody else had anything to do with it. The Board of Control selected Mr. Thomas Southworth for the position, offered it to him and he accepted. But The Telegram shouted the City Council into cancelling the appointment, stormed against all other nominees, and represented Mr. Wilson as the greatest park man in America. It was amusing to see our municipal rulers, one after another journeying to Niagara Falls to change their minds. They did not want to yield to the noise and pressure of a newspaper without making a show of investigating the merits of the case. But everybody knows that The Telegram elected Mr. Wilson by journalistic violence. The people in the City Hall were threshed and pummelled into subjection. Other candidates for the appointment were sand-bagged.

Perhaps Mr. Wilson is worth all the tumult he has caused. If he will handle our parks as well as I think Mr. Southworth would have done, he will justify The Telegram in having shouted, screamed and roared him into office. But that journal should not start to back away from its man the moment he has been appointed, by explaining, as it did on Tuesday, that to the editor of that journal "he is a perfect stranger." He has got to remain perfect even after he has ceased to be a stranger. Few men please The Telegram. But now, at last, we shall see that journal's Ideal Man take hold of this city and make it what it should be.

W. M. CONVEY, of St. Catharines, threw himself off a railway bridge, 150 feet high, on Saturday last and fell in the shallow water of a small stream. Men who went to find the body met Convey on his way home, with his collar bone and several ribs broken. The man seems to have jumped off this high railway trestle on a mad impulse while crossing with two companions on a fishing trip.

William Perkins died in St. Michael's hospital in Toronto on Sunday. He had been a motorman on a street car, but worried so much about the numerous tragedies occurring of late in which children were run over by cars that he resigned his job one day last week. He said he was afraid that he would either get killed or kill somebody else, so left his position to seek some safer employment. A neighbor was moving his house, so Perkins went over to give him a helping hand, when the chimney toppled down, falling on Perkins. He was taken to the hospital where he died.

Convey sought death by throwing himself from a height of one hundred and fifty feet, and only met with slight injuries. Perkins threw up his regular employment because of the dangers of it, sauntered over to help a neighbor and was killed by a falling chimney. Fate seems to make sport of men at times.

THE defeat of Winston Churchill in North Manchester seems to have been due to several causes, such as the license bill, the education bill, the pensions bill, the disfavor in which the Government is held, and the popular belief that young Churchill was sorely in need of a thorough walloping.

REV. D. C. HOSSACK has written another open letter. When the Ross administration was toppling to its fall Mr. Hossack published an open letter rebuking it for its many sins, and now he comes out with a letter criticizing the Whitney administration for having failed in many respects to live up to its promises and for having failed to keep in mind the large independent support it received in January, 1905. Some of Mr. Hossack's points are well taken, and on the whole his letter is temperate and reasonable.

But Mr. Hossack must be careful not to overestimate the success of his letters. Last time he urged the people to overthrow a Ministry which the people were about to annihilate even though he had kept silence. This time he urges the people to reduce Mr. Whitney's majority and strengthen the Opposition—which, of course, the people cannot fail to do. It is impossible to expect that there will be any such sweeping victory for the Conservatives as occurred last time. The Globe remarks that Mr. Hossack and a great many Liberals who voted Conservative in the last elections "have learned that the leopard cannot change its spots." The Liberals who voted against their party in 1905 were not thinking about leopards at that time—they were thinking about their party and voting against it. Many of them did not expect much from Mr. Whitney, but they wished to end, to put out of misery, a Liberal administration that had been wounded unto death. They wanted to terminate the worry and discredit of a situation that had too long existed. They wanted a chance to reorganize their party. It was not Mr. Whitney, his promises and his possibilities, that attracted the country;



THE HORSE SHOW

mon sense is getting in its work. Even those who are not total abstainers practice and advocate a temperance in the use of stimulants that would have surprised their grandfathers. No doubt much of this change in public opinion has been brought about by the uncompromising opposition to the drink evil maintained by church and other organizations, yet much of it is due to the strenuousness of modern life which demands of a man that he shall toe the mark and do the best that is in him.

A WOMAN was walking up Yonge street carrying a suit case when a man stepped up and offered to carry it for her. Not knowing the man she declined his offer, whereupon he grabbed the bag and started off with it. The woman, pointing out the offender to another man on the street asked him to recover her property for her. "Tell your troubles to the police," he answered. "How do I know it is your bag?" he demanded. When the woman, in giving her evidence against the offender, told about this other man who had declined to assist her, Magistrate Kingsford expressed regret that this ungallant person was not present so that he could be indicted as an accomplice. The Crown Attorney also gave his opinion of the kind of man who would not come to the assistance of a lady under such circumstances.

Let us try, however, to get at the point of view of this ungallant person. A woman he did not know stopped him on a crowded street and asked him to take a valise from a man he didn't know, who was walking up street with it. The request was a most unusual one. How was he to know that the ownership of the valise was not in dispute between these two persons? Perhaps he thought that if he interfered, the man might pitch into him, while the woman would make off with the valise, leaving him to explain as best he could to the police why he engaged in a street fight and helped a woman to steal an honest man's suit case. He knew nothing of the merits of the matter, but if he has been long a resident of Toronto he knows

should have done. Anything more prompt and valorous than that nobody experienced in the ways of Toronto would have attempted.

FOR five months the Dominion Parliament has been in session at Ottawa, and the bulk of the real business to be done remains untouched. At this rate of going the House may sit all summer. Sooner or later it will be necessary to have the Speaker empowered to shut off purposeless discussion, and call Parliament back to its real business.

To a member of Parliament who has business or professional interests which he sets aside in order to represent a constituency at Ottawa, it must be heart-breaking to attend such a session as that now in progress and see week after week slip by with little if anything being done. A man who is charged with energy and whose life is a busy one, feels himself utterly lost, loitering about Ottawa month after month, while a few willing talkers consume the time of Parliament during the few brief hours of each day in which the House sits. Some are of the opinion that short and useful sessions cannot be had unless Hansard be abolished—that daily book in which tedious speeches look important and in which such matter is published as could not otherwise get into print in this world. But others believe that if the Speaker were clothed with authority to stop a useless debate and really direct proceedings, a great reform would result. Against the fear that such authority would be used tyrannously, the safeguard is that public opinion is too potent in this age for that to occur.

DR. CLARKE of Toronto Asylum says that of 200 patients admitted to the institution last year, 120 were foreigners, many of them recent arrivals. He takes this to mean that the supervision of immigrants is extremely bad. The Ottawa authorities have already taken steps to have new arrivals more carefully inspected. But

a widespread dissatisfaction with a worn-out administration caused the great turnover. Such was the state of public opinion at that time that few Liberals heard the result of the elections with regret. At that time that Government had to go. What Liberal will not now admit that it would have been better for his party had it met with defeat two or three years earlier?

Believing as I do that the best of all governments is a new one, and that this country does not get half enough of them, the people not having as yet discovered this simple expedient for securing their own welfare, it seems to me that notwithstanding any failures that may be charged against Premier Whitney, the people of the province have good reason to be satisfied with the change they made in 1905. It is improbable that the Whitney Government will ever again serve the public interest with as much zeal as during the past four sessions. The Laurier Government's best work was done in the first four years after 1896.

INSTEAD of waiting, then, for Premier Whitney to deserve defeat, and instead of waiting until a discontented province is prepared to slump over to the Opposition, why should not the Liberal party reconstruct itself, encourage new ideas, introduce new men, and bid for public confidence? They can see how poorly the waiting game as played by the Opposition at Ottawa is working out. The difficulty with any party so placed is, of course, that the men in control are not willing to make way for new men, are afraid of new ideas, and are tied up in one way and another so that they can scarcely make progress in any direction. Public confidence slowly, if ever, returns to a group of men who have once failed in office, and any party hoping for an early return to power, should depose its discredited generals, reform its lines, renew its banners, and go into battle expecting to win. Yet, as everybody knows, it is almost impossible to bring a politician, whether an ex-Minister, a member, or a captain of the forces in a constituency to understand that his day is done—that he is like a burnt-out candle, giving no light, yet plugging up the candle-stick whereon a new light might burn. In county and other political organizations old men declare that they will not go back on their party in adversity, whereas in many cases they could do no better service than step down and out in favor of younger men.

SEVERE things are being said of Premier Whitney because in the last days of the session he put through a bill guaranteeing the bonds of Mackenzie & Mann for \$2,500,000. His reply is that there was ample time for the Opposition to have expressed disapproval, and that the session could have been continued to the present time had the Opposition desired to prolong discussion on this or any other topic. Unfortunately, however, denunciation of the mistakes made by governments in this country seldom originate in either Legislature or Parliament, but outside—in business circles and in the press. It would almost appear as if legislators are too close to legislation to see how it looks or to get it in true perspective. When anything questionable has to be put through a national or provincial body the last hours of a session are chosen, not as is sometimes said, because the members are in haste to get away, but because it leaves no time for the voice of the country to be heard and for public opinion to operate on the minds of the members. Things done in the last hours of a session cannot be undone.

Mackenzie & Mann succeed in getting pretty much what they want from governments in Canada—Dominion and provincial, Liberal and Conservative. All parties and governments look alike to them. They have winning ways which none can resist. It cannot be denied that they put forward workable ideas, and plan enterprises that deserve to prosper if the country is to grow. It is said that it was Mr. Mann who first introduced the idea of having railway bonds guaranteed by governments which dare not venture to grant further subsidies. The idea has proved to be a revelation. By means of it all kinds of money has been procurable in Europe for railway building in Canada, while politicians can boast that this guaranteeing of bonds has not, and probably will never, cost the country a cent. The bonds being guaranteed by government, the lenders cannot lose on them, as the government assumes the risk. The company can borrow cheaply; it pays the interest; the government, having faith in the country's future, has faith also in the future of the railway and never expects to have to pay off the bonds. But, of course, we could pile up too many of these obligations—could back too many of these notes and cause an awful mess some day.

MAYBE there's nothing in it, but it used to be said when Mackenzie & Mann first began to show success in dealing with governments, that they had hit on an idea all their own at first. This idea was that it was stupid for a company to antagonize an Opposition, yet necessary to win the good-will of a Government. It was stupid to antagonize an Opposition, because it might be in power to-morrow or next year. It was necessary to have the good-will of a Government in power to-day. To meet the situation, the story used to be told that they subscribed to the campaign funds of both parties, in the ratio of sixty per cent. to the party in power and forty per cent. to the party trying to climb in. Whether true or not it looks clever enough to be true. By this plan an Opposition would be as ready as a Government to acquiesce in a guarantee of bonds, while a new Government would come into office, pledged as you might say, to be kind.

A DESPATCH from Ottawa states that the Government will, at an early day, introduce a Civil Service Reform measure, placing the system much on the footing it is on in England. There is to be a Commission of three men in charge, examinations, promotions and all that, with power reposed in the Ministers and their deputies to make recommendations.

This may mean much or nothing. If Ministers and their deputies are to make recommendations, where appointments or promotions are concerned, and if the Commissioners are merely in office to carry out these recommendations, we shall be exactly where we are now. Conditions will be unchanged except that patronage will be handled with elaborate hypocrisy through a Commission which does whatever is "recommended." Why not clothe that Commission with real authority and permanent influence, so that in time we shall have an efficient civil service of competent, trained men, recruited from the ranks of the capable, instead of selected from the ante-rooms of the Ministers and the committee rooms of politicians. In a similar effort to humbug the public by pretending to relinquish patronage without really losing control of it, a Conservative Government at Ottawa once introduced civil service examinations, which have meant nothing—appointments not going to those who prove their qualification and not being withheld from those unable to prove it.

There is a story told of the early days in Ontario when the relative of a public man was to be appointed to an office which required a knowledge of the law. The man

A CALL

By JAMES P. HAVERSON

I'VE lived in the town for a year
And now I am sick of it all,
And the level plains where the stillness reigns
Have given their age-old call.

And I must arise and go
To a ranch 'neath the mountain's brow
Where the cattle stray in their aimless way,
So I guess I'll be going now.

Where the deep blue dusk of the distance
Is over the ancient hills,
And the silence teems with a thousand themes,
And the breadth and the bigness thrills.

had no such knowledge, but he was to be appointed. He attended at Osgoode Hall to be examined. "What do you know about law?" asked the examiner. "Not a d— thing," was the reply. "I hereby certify," wrote the examiner, "that Mr. Blank has satisfactorily answered all the questions put to him." He was appointed, and no doubt other examinations have been equally brief, explicit and sufficient.

REPRESENTATIVES of the G.T.R. and the C.P.R. have furnished me with their side of the story in connection with the seizure of a block of land in the heart of Toronto and the holding of it in idleness for four years, preparatory to erecting a new Union Station. There are two sides to every story, and the railway people are able to show that the blame is by no means all theirs for the delay and the damage done to the progress of Toronto. There has been litigation over certain portions of the land, carried in some cases from court to court as far as the Privy Council. Their chief argument against being blamed for the delay is, however, that the city last year put forward a demand for a viaduct just when the lawsuits over land had been disposed of, thus starting a new period of delay which yet continues. They remind me, too, that the land south of Front street and east of Bay was relinquished by the railways in 1905 and compensation given the owners for the time it was held under expropriation by the companies. If this land is still covered with debris they say the fault lies with the private owners and the municipality which permits the wreckage to remain there.

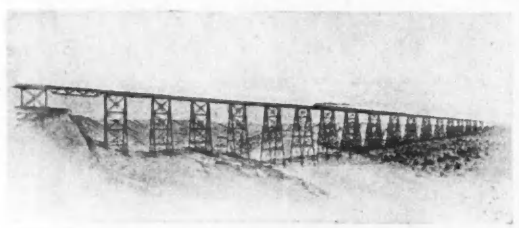
No doubt the guilt for the deadly injury done this city in this matter, can be disavowed in turn by all the suspects. But the damage done is very great. The city has received a serious set-back. There have been lawsuits, adjourned conferences, new proposals introduced—without there being over and behind all a governmental authority determined to force the issue and end delays injurious to public interests. The Railway Commission can press this whole business to a conclusion. In the name of common sense, let it be done.

MACK.

The Highest in Canada.

LETHBRIDGE, ALTA., APRIL 23.

Editor Saturday Night: I notice in your issue of the 18th April the rivalry between the Edmonton and Vancouver papers in respect to the "highest bridge in Canada." I enclose herewith a reproduction of the plans of a bridge which the Canadian Pacific Railway are now constructing



The Great Viaduct at Lethbridge. Length one mile 47 feet. Height above water level 307 feet.

at Lethbridge, and which, besides being the highest bridge in Canada, can also justly be classed as one of the wonders of the world. This bridge is being built across the valley and river at Lethbridge, and the length and height as given are authentic. Yours faithfully,

C. B. BOWMAN.

Perhaps we did not quite fairly represent the claim as advanced by the Edmonton newspapers and referred to by our correspondent. They claimed that "the piers" being built for the G.T.P. bridge at Clover Bar, six miles from Edmonton, were the highest and greatest piers in Canada. Their height is 136 feet. The Vancouver papers at once replied that they have a bridge across the Fraser River in British Columbia with piers 151 feet in height. The wonderful bridge now under construction at Lethbridge is not supported on concrete piers, but is a steel structure, as the above picture shows. It is being built at a cost of one million dollars, and in height is about equal to the spire of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, the tallest spire in Canada.

A Story of Lord Minto.

OF the Earl of Minto, Viceroy of India, whose daughter has just been married to a son of the Earl of Cromer, many amusing stories are told, says London P. T. O. One of the best has reference to an incident that occurred while he was Governor-General of Canada. Lord and Lady Minto had arranged to give an official reception, and on the afternoon appointed for the gathering preparations had been made to receive several hundred guests. When the hour arrived at which the proceedings were timed to commence not a single person had put in an appearance, nor were there any signs of the guests coming. Their Excellencies waited and wondered, exercising their patience as best they could, but still no one came. The host and hostess were astounded; the mystery seemed inexplicable. At length, however, one of the aides-de-camp was sought out, and when he was informed of the situation he discovered that he had neglected to send out the cards of invitation!

The Dominance of Napoleon.

THE Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte, says Cyrus Redding in his "Fifty Years' Recollections," had arrived in the Bellerophon, while I was at the Land's End. Not thinking he would remain more than twenty-four hours, I did not deem it worth while to go seventy miles to Plymouth at a hazard. That he was transferred to the Northumberland I did not know. The Northumberland con-

tained officers of my acquaintance, who would have given me facilities for seeing the great man. Some of the commanders of other vessels in attendance were well known to me—among them was Lilliecrap, of the Eurotas.

Lilliecrap, who, like too many of that time, imagined, because hatred to Bonaparte was carefully inculcated by Church and State, that he was the beast with seven heads and ten horns mentioned in Scripture, and that all required to be superlatively loyal was to abuse him in society. Lilliecrap declared he detested the fellow, he held him in contempt, and what not.

"Why, Lilliecrap, you do not mean all this; it is impossible?"

"It is true, I vow to heaven."

"Nonsense, Lilliecrap, if Napoleon came into this room now you would bow to him; if your hat were on your head you would take it off."

"Not I to such a fellow, you mistake me; you do not know your man."

Such was the conversation at a dinner a day or two before the boats were ordered to attend the removal of Napoleon from the Bellerophon to the Northumberland; among these were those of the Eurotas. Lilliecrap mounted to the quarter-deck of the Bellerophon with two or three of his brother officers, he being foremost. No sooner was he on the deck, where Napoleon stood, than his hat was in his hand before the Emperor's—the first of the party. When the ceremony was over, and they had returned on shore, some of them dining with Mr. Collier that day, and the commander of the Eurotas among them, the question was put:

"Why, Lilliecrap, you were the first to salute Bonaparte. How was that, after what you said the other day?"

"I don't know how it was—but when I saw him before me, to save my soul I could not help it—my hat got into my hands—I do not know how it got there."

ALFRED BUTTERWORTH, a Lancashire cotton manufacturer, made a practical test of the cost of old age pensions during Easter week by giving five shillings to everyone over 65 years in Oldham and Chadderton, the population of which is 170,000. The cost of the week's pensions, as tested by Mr. Butterworth, was £1,550. Taking the population of the United Kingdom at 44,000,000, Mr. Butterworth estimates that the annual cost of a national old age pension would be £20,852,000, assuming that the two towns named give the average number of recipients. Mr. Butterworth points out that about 4,000 rich people die annually with fortunes aggregating £200,000,000.

MANY Toronto people now scattered over the world will learn with regret of the death of Mr. John Taylor in this city on Tuesday night. Mr. Taylor was one of our best known business men, having long been a successful manufacturer of soaps and perfumes. He had been president of the St. George's Society and of the St. George's Union of North America, and was a member of the National Club, Granite Club and of St. Paul's Anglican church. He leaves a widow, three daughters and three sons, Messrs. Maurice J. Taylor and A. P. Taylor of the firm, and Mr. Oscar F. Taylor, student at law.

WHILE the Fish and Game Protective Association was holding its annual convention in Toronto, the delegates were well aware that in a thousand places fishermen were netting game fish in swarms and laughing at those who seek to prevent this slaughter. But sooner or later Governments will have to reckon with an aroused public opinion on the question of our ruined fresh water fisheries.

M. R. W. A. M. GOODE, who has been secretary of the West Indian Club in London, has just left England for Canada with the intention of starting an Imperialist weekly journal in Toronto. It is to be an advocate of the Chamberlain policy, and before sailing Mr. Goode received a message from Mr. Chamberlain, who is at Cannes, wishing his venture every success.

THE title John Morley is to accept on entering the House of Lords has not yet been chosen, and we might venture to suggest that a name should be selected which would embody the history of his opinions on the acceptance of titles. The pages of Bunyan might suggest a name.

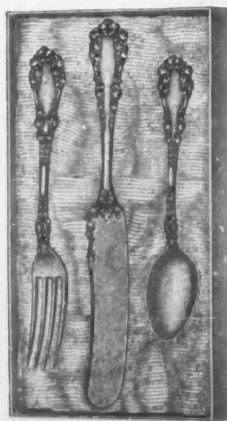
THE United States is spending, according to the Detroit News, \$385,000,000 a year, or \$85,000,000 more than Great Britain on military and naval establishments. In these figures are included the pensions paid by both nations in connection with past wars.

WHEN Longboat goes to England we want it distinctly understood that Canada is not peopled with Indians. They are so scarce that this runner proves as great a drawing card here, and excites nearly as much curiosity, as he will in England.

IT must amuse the politicians at Ottawa to hear the news from Japan that Mr. Nosse is in high favor at Tokio because of the way he is supposed to have handled the statesmen of Canada. He was merely a fly on the wheel.

IS it not curious that although Toronto is situated in the centre of the Great Lakes region in one of the finest fresh fish countries in the world, the householder can scarcely get good fresh fish at any season of the year?

A WRIT has been issued at Charlottetown, P.E.I., against J. J. Hughes, M.P. for Kings, charging him with violations of the Independence of Parliament Act by selling supplies to the Government.



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counts in Canada increased \$4,000,000 in March; they are \$34,000,000 less than a year ago, but \$70,000,000 more than two years ago. The grand total of loans and discounts by our banks, both in Canada and elsewhere, are now \$663,470,000, as compared with \$716,370,000 a year ago and \$625,354,000 two years ago. As an evidence of the trade depression we have come through, we find that overdue paper held by the banks increased \$1,500,000 last month. Cash holdings are practically the same as in February, \$72,437,000, as compared with \$65,403,000 a year ago. Speaking generally, the statement is a favorable one, and credit is being restored. Within a week, one of our banks imported \$1,500,000 gold from New York, the result of a favorable exchange market.

The difficulties now existing between the company and its western employees are being left to the C.P.R. Labor Department of Labor at Ottawa to settle. Directly and indirectly the number of employees affected is 3,370. The dispute is alleged to have arisen by reason of the notice served by the company on April 1 of its intention to cancel on May 1 the agreements existing between it and the employees in its mechanical departments on Western lines, the said notice, the application alleges, providing for contemplated reductions of wages and other changes in conditions objected to by the men.

The earnings of Twin City for the three months ended March 31 cannot be said to be as satisfactory as most Canadian holders of the stock could wish for. In fact, they are disappointing. Gross earnings increased only 3 1/2 per cent. during that period, while operating expenses jumped 10 per cent., resulting in a decrease of 2 1/2 per cent. in net. Fixed charges were also heavier than last year, and the surplus showed a drop of 12 1/2 per cent. The surplus on March 31 was \$275,659, as against \$315,869 a year ago.

Sloss-Sheffield, which had a large Canadian following at one time, and is still held here to some extent, has not advanced in market price of late along with the general run of Wall Street issues. This stock, and the Woodworth Iron Company, who are the largest iron producers in the South, with the exception of Tennessee Coal and Iron, continue to cut prices, and Republic has also expressed its readiness to do business at less than the boom time prices. The fact is that all these three concerns have been competing for business for some time and that the combination's schedule has not been rigidly adhered to. As the evils arising from the Steel Trust's fatuous policy become better understood, criticism is more and more freely expressed.

A Yankee Smile at Ambassadors.

THE trappings of the Ambassador is a subject over which The Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia, grows facetious in this wise:

Admittedly, there are a number of things—such as the funny mace in the House of Representatives—that really belong in the old trunk in the attic which contains great-grandmother's wedding gown. Reading the earnest discussion as to whether our representative at Berlin should be a man of fortune, able to spend a hundred thousand a year on social entertainments, we wonder if, possibly, an Ambassador may be one of those things.

The German Government, for example, having something to say to the Government of the United States, cables it over, and a messenger boy could deliver it to Secretary Root as well as an Ambassador—almost as impressively, too, if he wore Knights of Pythias regalia and went in an automobile.

In these wireless days the Ambassador speaks with one ear to the telephone. The stream of communication between him and his Government is constant. The more constant communication is, the less, generally, is left to his discretion. We suspect—if the awful secrets of diplomacy could be revealed—that his discretion is already mostly limited to a choice between wearing his sky-blue silk pants or his sea-green ones when he goes to deliver the note.

The first Earl of Portland, we believe, made a great stroke for England by appearing at Paris with more horses, servants and cooks than any other Ambassador had. But the notion that German or English or French opinion of the United States nowadays may be influenced by the state in which our Ambassador lives is merely ludicrous.

Nor are we impressed by the plea that he can get more valuable information for his Government by hobnobbing with the opulent, entertaining lavishly, setting 'em up, so to speak, with a prodigal hand. Our friend, the city editor, tells us that formerly several bright young reporters worked that same argument on him, but he knows better now.

General Booth's Income.

IN P.T.O., of London, we find this interesting and illuminating bit of gossip concerning the venerable head of the Salvation Army:

It is not generally known that General Booth, who celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday this month, began his business career as a pawnbroker's assistant in his native town of Nottingham. His father had been in a fairly prosperous way of business, but on his death it was discovered that the Booth fortunes were in a low way, and the young man, although scarcely sixteen, was called upon to act as the sole support of his widowed mother. He undertook the work with characteristic thoroughness, yet found time to conduct evangelistic meetings in the slum districts after business hours, and created much disturbance in his chosen chapel by marching his ragged converts to worship there, with the prosperous tradespeople of the town.

The General was at this time anxious to become a recognized minister, but was told by the doctor whom he consulted that his condition of health was such as would prohibit his entering such a calling. "It would be sheer suicide," the doctor said. "You would be dead in a year." The superintendent of his circuit added that preachers were not needed, and it was evident that fate was against young Booth getting into the ministry. Even when he reached the height of his ambition he was not satisfied, and soon became a kind of stormy petrel amongst the less enthusiastic brethren.

Thus it came about that he and his wife soon separated from any recognized body, and went out to catch their converts from public houses and gambling dens. Friends were found who sympathized, and one invested a small capital—about £5,000—in Wm. Booth's interest. It is from the income this sum brings in that the General has brought up his family, and at present his only personal monies are derived from the same source. He does not draw a single penny from the funds of the Army, merely receiving his travelling expenses from its funds. The original capital returns to the friend who invested it on the General's death.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

WHENEVER we ride upon the rail
And gaze the landscape o'er,
Our thoughts are turned from Nature's book
To artificial lore.

Though country air brings rosy cheeks,
We're urged (where'er there's space),
To take this stuff internally,
And put that on the face.

And when with rapture we behold
The fair and lovely hills,
In massive letters far more gay,
We find they rhyme with PILLS.

In pastures green, we love to see
The gentle, grazing kine;
Yet, in their field, lo! MALTED MILK
Bedecks a monstrous sign!

No shepherd guards the roving sheep;
Instead, a lurid blotch
Shows plainly that the sheep are safe;
They have a DOLLAR WATCH.

We see from distant farm-house quaint,
The smoke curl to the sky;
And then—THE CHEAPEST FIVE-CENT SMOKE
The foreground bids us try.

So, when we ride upon the rail,
(A journey once adored)
'Tis not the landscape bores us, but
Another kind of board!

—Blanch Elizabeth Wade, in The Smart Set

Notabilities to Hunt Big Game in Canada.

BRITISH COLUMBIA is fast attaining world-wide fame as a paradise for big game hunters. Its reputation has been enhanced by the glowing reports spread by sportsmen who tracked the wily moose or tackled ferocious grizzlies in their retreats, or shot goats or mountain sheep during the past few years.

The influx of big game hunters this summer and next fall (says the Vancouver Province) promises to attain unprecedented proportions. Not a day passes that Mr. A. B. Williams, provincial game warden, does not receive letters of inquiry from prospective visitors or individuals who have already enjoyed experiences in the Lillooet, East Kootenay, or in the Cassiar district. Mr. Williams is kept busy writing replies in regard to the favorite localities for various kinds of big game.

A distinguished visitor who will spend several months this summer and fall on the headwaters of the Stikine river in quest of grizzlies, goats and sheep, is Prince Hohenlohe-Koschentin of Ingelfin, province of Oberschlesien, Germany. He will reach Vancouver in August and will be accompanied by Herr Werner Von Alvensleben, son of the Earl of Von Alvensleben, and by Baron Von Bodenhausen, secretary of the Vancouver German Consulate.

This region will also attract Mr. J. T. Millais, R.A., a well-known artist, and son of the late Sir John Millais, R.A., the famous English painter. Mr. Millais has hunted big game in many lands. His books are known classics among sportsmen, especially those relating to his experiences in South Africa. He does his own illustrating. His object in visiting British Columbia is to have some sport as well as get material for a forthcoming illustrated book on the big game of British Columbia. He has never hunted in Canada, although he has recorded his adventures in the wilds of Newfoundland in very graphic style. All the details and arrangements for his outing this summer in the Cassiar country have been entrusted to Mr. Williams, who is also advised that Baron Von Hagen, well known in British Columbia, will hunt in the same region this summer and next fall.

Other visitors will include Lord Vivian of the Seventeenth Lancers. He will likely spend his outing in the Cariboo district. Scores of American sportsmen are also expected. Lillooet district will attract Mr. Maurice Williams, president of the Susquehanna Coal Company of Pittsburg, and Mr. Phillips, a millionaire steel magnate of the same city.

This is the season when grizzlies can be shot in large numbers in Gardner Inlet. Various parties will leave for that region within a week. Mr. William Burton, of Victoria, and Mr. J. H. Wrigley, of Vancouver, have chartered a tug to convey them to the hunting grounds. Mr. Charles Doering, of Vancouver, will also visit the same region with Mr. Von Etherington, a German sportsman.

To this list must be added Mr. Boentin, a famous English big game hunter who has had thrilling adventures in many countries. On one occasion he had his arm nearly chewed off by a lion which he had mortally wounded after killing three other lions in quick succession in the jungle. He will also write his experiences in the North.

A Famous War Artist.

MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS, the famous war artist, has probably seen as much active service as any living army veteran. He gained his first experience as a war artist in Serbia as far back as 1876, and since that time he has travelled nearly all over the world. In 1882 he was on board the Condor with Lord Charles Beresford at the bombardment of Alexandria; he accompanied the Nile expedition for the relief of Khartoum; he went through the South African campaign; and had some thrilling adventures during the recent Russo-Japanese war. Mr. Villiers was the first to introduce the cinematograph camera on to the battlefield, and he was also the first correspondent to use a bicycle during a campaign.

Mr. Villiers and a friend, who fancied himself as an artist, were once visiting a tea-house in Japan, and a little Japanese girl brought them each a tiny cup of tea, and waited demurely for further orders. The visitor tried to explain that they were both exceedingly hungry and would like a substantial meal; but their limited knowledge of Japanese quite failed to make the waitress understand their meaning.

At last Mr. Villiers suggested that his friend should try her with pictures. "Draw a fish, an egg, a loaf of bread and a bottle of beer," said he; "she can't misunderstand you then."

So the hungry visitor got out pencil and paper and did as he was bid. When he had finished, the girl smiled, nodded, and disappeared with the drawing. On her return, the visitors naturally looked forward to a good dinner; but their chagrin can be imagined when she solemnly offered them instead two folded bath gowns, a couple of towels, and a cake of soap!

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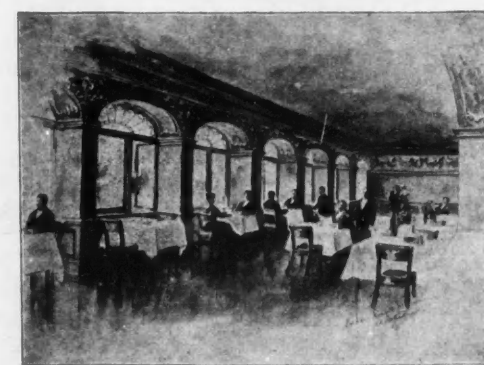
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Dining Room

THE NIAGARA HOTEL
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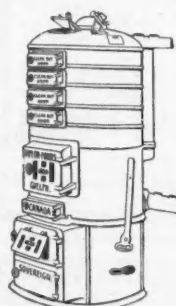
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"Is the standard for purity."



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If you intend putting up a house to cost \$800 or more, estimate on a

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Is the sauce of the 20th century. Connoisseurs prefer it, in fact they always use it. DO YOU?

Ask Your Grocer.

How Rondeau Thumped the Bear

By W. H. MORDEN

It was a moonless winter night. The atmosphere was fairly burdened with frost. A silence, unbroken except by the sharp reports like pistol shots proceeding from the freezing trees, was the condition of the camp surroundings. The logmen within drew close about the campfire, and as the long wailing cry of the distant wolf reached their ears the camp dog whined and crouched among them.

"Yon wheempering dog kens the sound, an' m'aks reckonin' on his friends," remarked Scotty.

"Drat the pup," said Jake Brown, "the cussid yapper is no good, he'd be scart to death at his own shadder could he see it."

"Well," remarked the boss, "most dogs are feared of wolf and bear. There are some that will tackle either, but they are mighty scarce. Ah've wan tam good wan for dat."

At that all eyes turned expectantly on Frenchy Rondeau, certain that a story lurked behind that remark. "Wal, Frinchee, what cud yer dog be doin' wid the bastes at all, wud ye be afther tellin' huz?" said a voice.

"Wan night," commenced Rondeau, "on de somer tam, near de fall, ah was on de village store, an' wan man ees tell 'ow see de bear on adder side de lak wen ees com on de Beeg Bluff ees tink ees com for de h'aaknots dat be dere. Ah was know on dat Beeg Bluff place ver well. Plentee wite h'oak ees be dere, an' de h'acorn was more plentee as ah nevaire know anodder tam. Ah not say nodding bot ah 'ear som odder fellers hax good deal boud dat place on dat man. Ah say nodding, bot ah knows dose fellers ees go on get de bear."

"Wal, ah goes on ma shantee an' feex op ma ole Pap-neau gon, ah put on cem de plenter powdair an' put grease patch h'on de ball an' ram cem down good an' ah see de flint ees all rite. Den ahs feed ma dog Tige an' say on heem ahs got something you do on de mornings. Tige ees beeg strong dog, an' ees bullee on de fight an' ee can ron lak deer an' ees fearin' nothing. Ees jus h'eat an' wag ees tail an' look moch as say ees ready on me."

"Wal, long fore de day light ees com on de mornings ah tak ma gon an' Tige an' go on de lak shore on de place ah've ma canoe 'ide on de bush. Ah paddle cross de lak an' pull h'out on de sandee place. Boud dat tam leetle light was com on d'ill top an' ahs wait. Den de light com on de bush; den ah prim on ma gon an' go on de bear to find. Som tam ah was go wid moch care not mak' de noise, an' Tige ees walk sof behin'. Ahs not go more as fitter arpent fore ah 'ear somthing smash long way on de bush. Ah go ver sof de way ah 'ear dat. Den ah 'ear eem some more an' ah tink dat de place for sure an' ah was go on some more. Den ah 'ear de smash more loud as before, an' de 'air on Tige back, ees h'all stan up lak dat on de cat tail de tam ees mad."

"Wal, ees not long tam now ah see de bear. Ees stan on de beeg h'oak lim', on ees 'ind feet an' reach wid wan paw on de limb dat ave plentee de not, an' pull eem on ees mout an' de odder paw ees 'old eem from fall. Den ah creep more close as dat den ah raise de ole Pap-neau an' tak good sight. Wen ahs pull de trig ees go bang an' so moch powder ees mak' tick smoke on me, an' ah can see for leetle tam den ees clear h'off an' dare ah see de bear on de groun' an' Tige ees grab eem; bot de bear ees not dead, an' ees make fight wit Tige. Ah forgit me to load ma gon bot run to 'elp de dog. Ah git ma 'and on beeg steek to make smash on de bear, bot ah can git no chance. Dat dog an' de bear ees go ovaire an' ovaire lak de w'eel on de cart, an' ah fear de bear ees keel ma dog for sure. Den wan tam ahs tink ah av good chance to 'it de bear, an' ahs smash de beeg steek on eem. Mon Dieu, wat you tink! ahs 'it de dog an' miss de bear, an' Tige ees lay dere an' queever on ma feet. Ah tink on dat tam ah mos die ahs feel so bad ahs keel ma dog. De bear ees loss no tam for git away."

"Den ah ron on heem an' try load de gon as ah ron de bess ah can. Ahm gone mebbe wan arpent den somthing was go wish by me, an' wat you tink? Ba gosh ees was Tige com on de life anodder tam. Eet not long ees mak de bear go clam nodder tree. Den ah ron dere an' feenish load de gon. De dog ees yap, yap roun' an' de bear ees look down lak ees lak to jump on eem an' mak de feenish. On dat tam ahs 'ave de gon readee an' tak good h'aim on eem an' pull de trigg. An' down ee was come on top de dog, an' Tige ees soon mak de teef on ees troat dat bear an' shake eem. But de bear ees not eek fight wit eem cause ees dead dis tam for sure."

"You bet ahm glad ahm not keel ma dog wid de beeg steek as ah tink before. An' ah tak ees 'ead on me an' see de beeg place ah mak on ees 'ead dat bleed from de club. Dat mak me mos seek ah was look on dat. Ahs tear piece on de new shirt dat Marie mak on me, an' tie pauvre Tige on ees 'ead. Den ahs tie de sash ah wear rond de neck on de bear an' pull eem on de shore an' load eem on canoe, an' ah paddle cross de lak, wile Tige watch on de bear fear ees come on de life some more lak ees do eemself."

"De tam ahs come on de shore ah carry de bear on de bush an' 'ide de canoe some more, ah 'ear some mans talk on de shore an' den ah see dem com rond de point an' paddle on de Bluff, an' ah keep on de bush an' dey can see me dere. Ah know ver well dose mans go on de bear hunt. Wal, ah lug dat bear on ma shantee an' ah smell de pork Marie was fry, an' ah was so hongree ah h'eat de wohle lot. Den 'elp Marie feex op de 'ead of Tige. Ees such brav dog! Dat night ah go some more on de store, an' ah 'ear Napoleon Demers ees h'ax on Telephone Du Plant ow ees mak hout de bear on Beeg Bluff. Den Telephore ees say: We see sign wat de bear ees mak, an' de blood on de groun, and dats h'all we was find. Wese tink de beeg 'awk h'eagle as carry h'off dat bear."

"Ah not say wan ting, bot ah laff maself seek h'all de way 'ome, an' Tige ees meet me on ma place an' wag ees tail lak ees laff too on dose feller whooh can find no bear on Beeg Bluff. Oh ee was de bes dog ah avair 'ave h'on me."

It is well to be on guard against the latest smart fraud reported from Paris. Two hundred chemists were called upon by men with a prescription for sulphate of quinine and a bottle of "Dr. Henry's Mixture, Depot 124, Rue Montmartre." The chemists had not heard of the "mixture," but sent for it, paying about 10s. for each bottle. The men, however, never returned, and it has been discovered that the chemists have been the victims of two young fellows who opened a shop in the Rue Montmartre with a stock of the "mixture," and did so fine a business with chemists that the police had to interfere to keep order in the street. The "mixture" contained water only.

HER HAT

By LAURISTON, of Eklinda

HAVE you seen it?

What?

Her new hat!

Dazzling hat!

Gaudy, widespread, flaring, Merry Widow hat, With its flaming yellow sunflowers and all that.

'Tis a hat

That says "Scat!"

To the cheap and common hat,

And makes every other maiden wonder where on earth she's at.

When it traverses the street there's not a sound;

All are breathless, I'll be bound,

For the hat is seven and a quarter miles around—

Now, do not say you cannot swallow that.

If you doubt me, go and gaze upon the hat.

Last spring she wore the violet's deep blue

Modestly ensconced behind a fuzz or two,

And the corner loafer, as he vainly sought to borrow from his luckless pal a chew

Cried: "I'm shot

If she's not

Just the limit with that hot

Hat!

But that

Was a year ago

And the limit has expanded, don't you know.

'Tis the newest, new creation in the town

With a brim that reaches miles and miles aroun'

And in the midst a little, golden crown

Circumnavigated by a mist of brown

Fuzzy stuff, from which bright, yellow sunflowers peep

In a way that's making other maidens weep

When they pause, remembering that

They haven't got a hat

That

For a moment can compete with Lily's hat.

The Duke of Devonshire and Lincoln

A MIDST all the stories of the Duke of Devonshire which have appeared in the press, it is curious (says P.T.O.) that his encounter with President Lincoln should have been ignored. In the early days of the great Civil War, the Marquis of Hartington (as the Duke then was) paid a visit to the States. We can scarcely imagine the late Duke of Devonshire doing anything rash, but in those days of his youth he was a strong sympathizer with the Southern cause, and actually dared to wear a Secession badge in his coat at a public ball in New York. The male guests ignored this act of a visitor, but a young lady, who was the Marquis of Hartington's partner, tore the offending badge from his coat.

The press took the matter up, and as the Marquis had announced his intention of visiting Washington, the question arose how should the President receive him. Horace Greeley, through his paper, urged that President Lincoln should utterly ignore the young aristocrat who had insulted the flag of the United States. However, the President was equal to the occasion. He was not going to cause further ill-feeling between England and the States by insulting a prominent Englishman. Nor, on the other hand, could he absolutely ignore the famous scene at the New York ball. So he settled the point in his own humorous style. He received the Marquis at the White House, gave him a warm welcome, and all through the interview addressed him as "Mr. Partington." The Marquis had tact and good sense enough to accept the implied reproof in good part. He made no attempt to correct Mr. Lincoln—not even when the President urged him to visit all the country whilst he was over, and specially insisted that he should not miss their greatest city—New York.

The King's Letter.

It is pretty generally known (writes T. P. O'Connor) that while the King is away he is kept fully posted in all that happens in the political world at home. Every night a letter is written to him by one of the Ministers. During his Biarritz visit the work was undertaken by Mr. Herbert Gladstone in order to leave Mr. Asquith free to lead the House. Following the example of his father, the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone, Mr. Herbert Gladstone has on several occasions lately written this letter on his knee while seated on the Treasury Bench. It is to be hoped, however, that the same misfortune that occurred to his father will not happen to the Home Secretary.

On one occasion during the course of a debate on the last Home Rule Bill, Mr. Gladstone, stung into sudden action by some remark from Mr. Chamberlain, sprang suddenly to his feet. He quite forgot the all-important document upon his knee intended for the late Queen Victoria, and his confidential remarks to his Sovereign were strewn broadcast on the Treasury Bench, while the portly figure of the late Sir William Harcourt was to be seen grovelling under the Speaker's table in search of a couple of missing sheets. It is to the credit of the then House of Commons that it refrained from more than the merest smile at this contretemps.

An Intrusion on the King.

THE Hon. John Ward, who accompanied the King to Biarritz as his Equerry-in-Waiting, tells (according to P.T.O.) an amusing story of an experience he had a few years ago while acting in a similar capacity. He was travelling with the King in the Royal saloon when the train halted at some small town in order that an address might be presented to the King by the local corporation. While this ceremony was going forward, Mr. Ward alighted from the train for a few moments, and it was commencing to move off without him. Making a dash for the open door of the saloon, he just managed to get his foot on the step, when the mayor, aghast at what he deemed to be a sudden invasion upon the privacy of the Royal traveller, seized him firmly by the coat-tails, and hung on to him until the station officials managed to stop the train. Heated expostulations and explanations followed before Mr. Ward took his seat once more in the saloon, and greatly amused the King by a recital of what had taken place.

Contributions Invited Concerning Quebec Celebration.

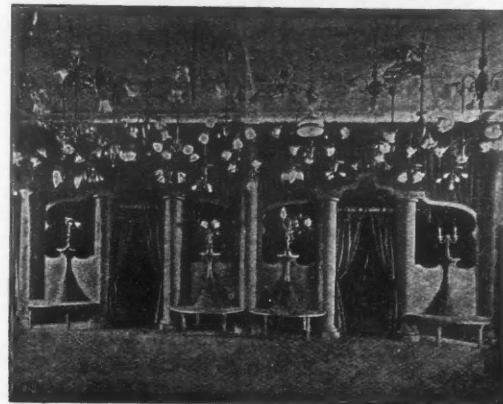
THE Ottawa Literary Committee of the Quebec Battle-field's Association, formed with the object of securing the liberal publication in Canadian and other newspapers of literary matter dealing with the celebration and calculated to stimulate interest in the object of the Association, will be glad to receive signed contributions of matter suitable for this purpose. Such contributions may be addressed to Dr. J. F. White, Convenor, Literary Committee, Quebec Battle-field's Association, Normal School, Ottawa. No contributions can be purchased, and the publication of all or any matter received must be at the discretion of the Committee. The Committee will, however, endeavor to give the widest publication to suitable matter.

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XCVII.



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First Lieutenant, Royal North Lancashire Fusiliers.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE Canadian Horse Show was opened on Wednesday evening at 8.15 by His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, who made a speech from the judge's stand in the centre of the arena, in answer to the address from the Horse Show Board of Management. Lady Clark and the Misses Mortimer Clark, attended by Major Macdonald and Captain Young, occupied Government House loge during the opening. The Committee presented Lady Clark with a lovely sheaf of daffodils and jonquils tied with the Horse Show colors, buttercup and navy; Miss Mortimer Clark with a sheaf of pink, and Miss Elise, of white roses and asparagus fern. The gubernatorial box was draped with flags and Horse Show colors, as was also the Stanley Barracks box next door, where Mrs. Victor Williams, in palest blue and ermine furs; Mrs. Carpenter, in silver grey with white wrap, and Mrs. Walker Bell, in pink silk and very pretty black hat with white and black trimmings and a bouquet of orchids and lily of the valley, were the recipients of many calls and compliments. Miss Helen Law, looking very nice, was also in the Officers' box and also General Cotton, Colonel Septimus Denison and Colonel Smith, of London. Mr. George Beardmore's loge flanked Government House box on the south, and he had a very attractive box party, including Dr. and Mrs. Grant, of Niagara Falls; Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Small and Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Osborne. Mrs. Grant was very graceful and elegant in a black and white gown over a lace waist in jumper style and a large black hat with plumes. Mrs. Small wore a sweet little gown of palest green and wide brimmed hat, and Mrs. Osborne a hand-painted chiffon gown and hat wreathed with huge pink and white roses. Mr. and Mrs. Adam Beck had Miss Kerr, of Rathnelly, and her fiancé, Mr. Cassels, in their box. Mrs. Beck wore a round hat with large dark flowers and a wrap and ermine throw, over her pretty gown; Miss Kerr was in white. Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander were in a prominent box, the latter in a white lace gown and hat trimmed with fawn and white feathers. Mrs. Bert Cox was with them, looking very sweet and wearing a rough straw hat with folds of white and green and a dainty frock and wrap. Dr. and Mrs. McCoy had Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Darling in their box; Mrs. McCoy wore a brown costume and a toque with a high stiff black aigrette on one side, very trim and stylish; Mrs. Darling wore a handsome gown and rose hat with a deep caperine of ermine. *Vis a vis* to Government House box, the Colonel and officers of the Royal Grenadiers were located in a handsome loge. Colonel Gooderham, Captain and Mrs. Porter, the lady looking well in pale blue; Mrs. Campbell Myers, in a hugely smart surtout of white automobile cloth and a pale blue plumed hat; Dr. and Mrs. Edmund King, and Mrs. and Miss Alexander, of Bon Accord, were in this loge, the former in a handsome black gown with white lace and the latter in a cosy wrap and wide blue straw hat with wings and quills. The Langdon Wilkes box was occupied by Mr. Wilkes and two nicely gowned ladies, one in mustard yellow cloak with dainty borderings and ceru hat with yellow velvet trimmings, and the other in pale blue with black and white hat. The Mayor and Mrs. Oliver occupied seats in the City loge, and the Government box was filled with a pleasant party including Mrs. Thompson (nee Whitney), Mr. and Mrs. Glackmeyer and several others. Mrs. Collingwood McLeod, looking very well, and wrapped in ermine; Miss McLeod, in a becoming round straw hat with velvet and roses and a smart white wrap, was with her mother. Mr. and Mrs. James Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, of Moncton; Miss Nan Cameron, of Winnipeg; Mrs. Æmilus Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Plumb, were also in boxes on the east side of the arena. Miss Cawthra, of Yeadon Hall; Mrs. Jack Hood, Miss Marguerite Fleury and Miss Clarkson Jones, who came with Mrs. Fleury, were some of the beauties on the west side. Mrs. Kerr Osborne was very lovely all in black and white, a large plumed hat and a soft white boa suiting her to perfection. Mrs. McKinnon and her future, Mr. Jack Crusoe; Mr. Albert and Miss Nordheimer, Mrs. Douglas Young, Miss Mary Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard McMurray, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cawthra, the lady in a flame colored kimono wrap and large black hat; Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Haas and the charming guest, Mrs. Sands, who was in cream silk gown and long wrap, and hat with cerise, and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dixon, were also among the occupants of boxes on the west side. A great many white cloth gowns and wraps were worn. The young ladies who were selling flowers looked very fascinating and the candy merchants in white frocks and little winged caps were most attractive. Dr. and Mrs. Young were warmly congratulated on the red ribbon won by their handsome pair, driven by the Doctor. Mrs. Young wore a lovely gown and pink hat, and had a pretty friend or two in her box. The entrance to the show has been greatly improved and dainty teatables have taken the place of the Railway exhibits shown during the Auto Show, the decorations of which still veil the cavernous heights of the ceiling, and are extremely well lighted. The arena is lined with white, a vast improvement on last year, and the effect of the white and green, the blue and yellow, and the arrangement of lights is artistic and attractive.

The marriage of Major James Elmsley, R. C. Dragoons, son of Mr. Remy Elmsley, of Barnstable,

Elmsley Place, and Miss Athol Boulton, eldest daughter of Mr. Melfort Boulton, took place in St. Mary's church, Bathurst street, on Tuesday afternoon, Vicar-General McCann being the officiating priest. The ceremony was private, but afterwards Mrs. Melfort Boulton gave a small reception at the family residence in Willocks street, to which a few intimate friends, and the military comrades of the groom, were, beside the large family connection of the bride and groom, the only guests. The bride, who has been an invalid for weeks, after an attack of measles, but who is now on the road to perfect health, looked a dream of loveliness in her bridal attire, and was a fitting descendant of a family famed for its beautiful women. Never a fairer Boulton bride wore orange blossoms than the bride of Tuesday last. The wedding court trained gown was of chiffon cloth over white silk, and its principal trimming was the exquisite lace, which had been Mrs. Boulton's bridal veil. Mrs. Nordheimer, of Glenedyth (nee Boulton), lent her own bridal veil to her niece, so that family tradition hung over the fair girl, enhancing her youthful charm. A small crown of orange blossoms and shower bouquet of roses and lily of the valley completed her costume. Miss Adele Boulton was her sister's bridesmaid, in a white Rajah gown, and chip hat trimmed with lace and pink roses; her bouquet was of pink sweet peas. Mr. Sherwood Elmsley was best man. Mr. Melfort Boulton gave away the bride. At the reception, which only included about half a hundred guests, Mrs. Boulton wore a mauve crepe de chene embroidered costume, with hat to match. The brilliant uniforms of the groom's brother officers gave an added smartness to the scene. Chief Justice Falconbridge proposed the health of the bride and groom. The cake was cut with the groom's sword, and after a very hearty shower of good wishes, Major and Mrs. Elmsley left for Washington, the bride travelling in a white and black tailor-made suit and hat with flowers. Many handsome presents were given to the happy pair, cheques from relatives in England, a huge silver tray from the officers at Stanley Barracks, a beautiful silver tea service from Mrs. Nordheimer, of Glenedyth; a case of table silver from Mr. A. O. Beardmore, and in all about two hundred gifts. Major and Mrs. Elmsley will reside in St. Joseph street, where Mr. Elmsley has given them a house, which they will shortly occupy.

On Tuesday at half-past two o'clock the marriage of Mr. Arthur W. Treble, of Hamilton, and Miss Ethel Maude Cotton, daughter of Dr. J. H. Cotton, 260 Spadina avenue, was celebrated in the Church of St. George the Martyr, Rev. Canon Cayley officiating. The bride was brought in and given away by her father, and wore a Liberty satin gown, a l'Empire, seeded with pearls and trimmed with point lace. The veil was sewn with pearls, and with it was worn a crown of lily of the valley and orange blossoms. The bridal bouquet was of roses and lily of the valley. Miss Margaret Cotton was maid of honor, and Miss Mary McLean, of Lucknow, and Miss Ethel Treble were bridesmaids. They were all in pink, their dainty gowns of marquisette with pink ribbon over taffeta, and their hats of pink net with pink roses, the bouquets being also of pink roses. They wore the groom's souvenirs, shamrock pins set with diamonds and pearls. Mr. Lazier, of Hamilton, was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Shirik, of Hamilton, and Mr. Crossen, of Cobourg. The groom presented them each with a shamrock scarf pin. Mr. Edmund Phillips played the bridal music, and Mr. Morrison sang "Beloved it is Morn." A reception was given by Mrs. Cotton at the family residence after the ceremony, when the hostess received in a heliotrope handpainted crepe gown, over silk, with trimmings of white lace and gold, and a mauve hat with pansies. Her bouquet was of lily of the valley, tied with mauve. Mr. and Mrs. Treble went to New York for their bridal trip, the latter wearing a pretty dull blue costume, and hat to match.

On Wednesday evening, April 22, at half-past six, in St. Mark's church, Parkdale, the marriage was solemnized of Mr. George Gebhart Stuart, of Niagara Falls, Ont., and Miss Ethel Florence Northcott, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Northcott, of 473 West Marion street. The service, which was fully choral, was taken by the rector, Rev. Canon Ingles, the church being decorated with Easter lilies, palms and marguerites. The bridal party was preceded up the aisle by the surpliced choir, singing "The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden," followed by the four ushers, a dainty little flower girl, Miss Hilda Turner, wearing a fluffy frock of white point d'esprit and lace, and white lace hat and carrying a basket of marguerites; and the bridesmaid, Miss Katherine Marshall, of Berlin, wearing pale mauve with overdress of white net with mauve flowers and mauve picture hat with white plumes. She carried a shower bouquet of Sunset roses. Lastly came the bride with her father, looking sweet and graceful in her wedding gown, which was of Irish lace over soft silk, made semi-Empire, and a veil of fine silk net hemstitched, inserted and edged with Valenciennes lace, worn over a wreath of lily of the valley. Her bouquet was of lily of the valley and orchids, and she wore a diamond pin, the gift of the groom. Mr. Albert Stuart, the groom's brother, was best man and the ushers were Mr. Walter Northcott, Mr. John Bickell, Mr. William Sherriff and Mr. Mitchell. Mrs. Northcott, wearing black silk veiled with sequins, and carrying a bouquet of white roses, afterwards held a reception at her home in West Marion street, which was profusely decorated with Easter lilies, palms and flowers. The bride and groom received congratulations in front of a bank of palms and Easter lilies, and afterwards drove away in a shower of confetti to spend their honeymoon across the line. On their return they will live at Niagara Falls. The bride went away in green duchess satin coat and skirt, smartly tailored, and green hat with shaded green plumes. The groom's gift to the bridesmaid was a necktie with diamond and pearl pendant, to the flower girl a pearl lace pin, to the best man and ushers, pearl cuff links.

Miss Corny Capron, of Paris, and the Misses Helen and Gladys Jones were in town at midweek, on their way to England, and spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brooke.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, of Benvenuto; Mrs. Alec Mackenzie and her little son, and Misses Ethel and Bertha Mackenzie left on Sunday for New York and sailed for England at midweek. Owing to business Mr. Mackenzie has been detained from time to time, and the date of his family party's leaving had been postponed until last Sunday.

One of the pretty things in Bloor street west is the conservatory at Rohallion, which is a perfect riot of bloom; people stop and stare at it in great pleasure, and no doubt a little envy also.



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Mr. Home Smith was on Monday elected president of the Canadian Club. It would be difficult to match the new president in all the sterling qualities which go to make the finest type of young Canadian manhood, and the Club may well be proud of him.

Mrs. Jack Hood looked perfectly radiant at the Horse Show on open-

ing night, and was warmly greeted by old friends.

The play at the Princess this week is a sure cure for the blues.

Friends of Dr. Crawford Scadding and Miss Emily Ramsay are warmly congratulating them on their engagement, which has been recently quietly mentioned to their intimates.



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Notes From New York

From Our Own Correspondent

THE Briarcliff Cup Race, as it was called, seemed to excite as much enthusiasm among automobilists as the aforesaid Vanderbilt cup races, notwithstanding the great social prestige of the Long Island events. Twenty thousand cars, it is estimated, were packed along the thirty miles of roadway, and the crowds in attendance would number anywhere from one to two hundred thousand. For the privilege of witnessing the contest most of these had to forego their night's sleep and suspend temporarily various other comfortable amenities of life. But the followers of motoring apparently do not stick at trifles. The sport itself, they tell me, is an endurance test of all the virtues, and such hardships as this night out of doors imposed were borne with perfect good nature.

The stream of motor cars began to move northward out of New York as early as 9 o'clock the night before, and continued until dawn. For the ungoggled, unmotored and, as it proved, unlucky throng, the New York Central advertised a train service at fifteen minute intervals, after one a.m. That train accommodation I can only liken to the Coboconk service of ten years ago. Trains left the Grand Central with reasonable exactness, but, in that prescient wisdom of railroad officials, care was taken not to commit themselves on the time of arrival at the other end. Consequently the first train barely landed its passengers in time for the start, and the last had not arrived up to the hour of writing. The farthest point on the course can be reached ordinarily within an hour. However, those who travelled that way spent the night under cover at least. The rest spent it out of doors. Some of the motor car occupants curled themselves up to sleep in their seats, but more were content to remain awake and contemplate the strangeness of the scene around them. And a picturesque scene it was. From the motor cars drawn up by the roadside a double row of headlights scanned anxiously every foot or roadway, making one long, luminous path that stretched for miles. Back in the fields and meadows, behind this trail of light, this milky way, camp-fires glowed red in the darkness, a thick haze that hung over the night adding the necessary mystic touch.

At 5:07 Sartori crossed the starting line and thereafter at minute intervals the crowds cheered their favorites off on the perilous journey. It was a driver's race, as all conceded, and an American driver won, as the evening headlines showed. But you would have to read several columns to discover that the car he drove was of foreign make and that foreign cars, in fact, won the day.

A TREMENDOUS impetus was given to the Laymen's Missionary movement, in convention here this past week, by the address of Hon. William H. Taft, based on his own wide observations in the Orient. The meeting was held in Carnegie Hall and every seat was occupied. Mr. Taft took pains to remind his audience that he spoke from a practical, administrative standpoint only, but a heartier endorsement of the work of foreign missions could not have been made. The missions, he declared, with their teachers, hospitals and churches formed nuclei of Western ideals and influence, and taught the natives the first principles of government.

Speaking of the Philippines in particular, he went so far as to say that the success of his government's experiments in those islands would be commensurate with the growth of the missionary movement. Where Christian missions were established they had met with no difficulties in establishing government. All their trouble, he declared, came from the un-Christian islands. The fact that Mr. Taft will in all probability be the next President made the occasion one of more than ordinary interest and gave to his words additional weight and value. While not an orator by any chance, he is a vigorous, attractive speaker, and his style clearly shows his judicial training. His reception was hearty, and would no doubt have been heartier if the audience had not been thoroughly wearied by the host of platitudinous speakers who preceded him.

ONE of those subtle strokes of irony—those jests of the gods—that gave us for instance the old proverb, "It never rains, etc.," has been smiting us hard this week. On top of the burst of summer weather, with a mercury hovering in the eighties, comes the announcement that a consignment of Scotch has been held at the customs. The pres-

ence of harmless coloring matter, it appears, had not been duly noted on the label. Those of you who know anything about New York whisky will appreciate the humor of this scrupulousness. The explanation of the seizure will probably be found in the fact that Scotch is about the only safe whisky in town, and the whisky most in demand.

IN the course of a remarkable speech at the annual St. George's Society dinner the other night, Mr. Jerome let fly at the newspapers of New York, charging them with suppressing and falsifying news for pecuniary reasons. The District Attorney has since excepted some of the papers, and now each is anxiously inquiring: "Lord, is it I?" He fortified his startling statement—the most startling public utterance he has made since his famous attack on the judiciary—by citing a number of cases in point, and offers to furnish a full bill of particulars on the request of any paper that will promise to publish it.

The speech was an earnest call to the diners to take more interest in public affairs. Here are some excerpts: "You cannot assimilate and drill into line the mixed element there is to deal with in this country unless you men of education and culture take more interest in public affairs. . . . We say, 'God bless the Irish,' but we do not want to see America in the hands of four such men as 'Pat' McCarren, 'Fingey' Conners, 'Packey' McCabe and 'Charley' Murphy. . . . Our democratic institutions will not work so long as we have government by the newspapers for the newspapers. . . . Public opinion is not dictated by the newspapers, but from the counting room of big department stores. . . . In the old days the papers spoke with authority, in the days of the Elder Bennett and Greeley; to-day they speak with no authority."

Apropos of the Irish question Police Commissioner Bingham contributes a *bon mot* that might be commended to the Home Government: "All you have got to do is to let them govern you and the Irish problem is solved." J. E. W.

BOOKS

A NEW Canadian town has been named after Mr. Kipling. It is an honor which he shares with Mr. William Shakespeare. "Shakespeare," in Canada, by the way, is the only town in the British Empire which bears the name of the poet. The cliff at Dover is the single spot to which the mother country of that poet has given his name.

A new daily and weekly paper, The Free Press, is to be published in Lindsay. Mr. R. J. Moore, of Fenelon Falls, is to be at the head of the business end, and Mr. J. V. McNulty is to be editor. In the prospectus issued by these gentlemen the future prospects of Lindsay as a railway and business centre are highly spoken of. Lindsay will be well supplied with newspapers; The Post issues a daily; The Watchman-Warder has just entered the daily field, and The Free Press will make a third. Mr. McNulty, who will edit the new paper, has been in the newspaper business in Lindsay for twenty-five years.

Pollough Pogue's poem, "The River Giants," which appeared originally in SATURDAY NIGHT, some weeks ago, has been republished in the Haileyburian, of Haileybury, Ont., with high praise for its intimate knowledge of the rough life of the river drivers. The song told of the fatal fight between Larry Frost and Le Gros Quebec. Of the author the Haileyburian says: "He must be a Kipling with a peevish on his shoulder," and as one reads it one can imagine a band of Eddy's lambs at their worst." The hope is expressed that Mr. Pogue will speak up again.

The Busy Man's Magazine for May is well up to the standard which that excellent periodical has set for itself. "Canadians Who are Doing Things, and How," is an important feature, generously illustrated. Among the other timely articles are: "The Principle of Profit Sharing in Business," "Some Deductions on the Average Man," "How Those Who Fall Are Given Another Chance," "Canadians Should Indulge in More Boating," "A Greater Sense of Our Responsibilities," "The World's Greatest Plow Manufacturer," "Youth Should be Taught the Habit of Saving," "The Adoption of Automobiles in Business," "Canadian Banking System the Best in the World," and "A Police Force That is a Credit to Canada."

Mr. Thomas R. Lounsbury, the Professor of English in Yale University, has a most interesting paper in

Harper's Magazine on "The French Element in English." He makes a striking point when he says: "Had the successors of Henry II. continued to hold under their sway for all succeeding time the vast domains he ruled upon the Continent, there is little reason to believe that English would ever have become a language of literature. It would have sunk to the level of a popular dialect, like its sister tongue, the Plattdeutsch. All of us—all educated men at least—would be now speaking French or some closely allied form of it. It was the expulsion of the English from the Continent that compelled the coalescence of the two tongues spoken on the island, converted them into the composite speech of a homogeneous people, and made it ultimately the vehicle of a great literature."

Some of the most successful of recent plays have acquired their names by judicious "borrowing." "The Great Divide" was the title of a short story by Alice Ames Winter that appeared in The Reader Magazine in November, 1905, more than a year before Mr. Moody's American drama was heard of. Of course the play had no resemblance to the story. George Broadhurst's political comedy, "The Man of the Hour," was antedated many months by Octave Thanet's American novel of the same name. The title of that author's latest book, "The Lion's Share," proved so excellent, commercially, that the publishers sought to have it trade-marked, but without success, the United States Government holding that a book title could not be regarded as an exclusive label.

The Scribners are to publish in this country the "Life and Correspondence" of John Delane, who was editor of the London Times in its period of great power, between 1840 and 1876. The two volumes will contain deeply interesting letters from some of the most famous personages of his time.

Although the Secretary of State for India has been raised to the peerage, it is the plain, familiar name of John Morley that appears on the new two-volume Eversley Edition of his "Life of Richard Cobden." Not even his distinguished political career can erase the recollection that he was first a literary man and that he is perhaps the most competent of modern biographers. His "Life of Cobden" and his book on the French encyclopedists are smaller works than the monumental "Life of Gladstone," but in quality they are not unworthy to stand beside that most imposing of modern biographies.

Mr. Swinburne, who has just passed his seventy-second birthday, takes a lively walk of three miles every morning. He always walks alone, and no matter what the weather may be he takes neither overcoat nor umbrella. He is very erect and walks briskly. The objective of his walk, says The Manchester Guardian, is a little shop on the edge of Wimbledon Common—a shop kept by a Miss F.—for the sale of newspapers and tobacco.

UTILIZING THE AIR. THE PRINCIPLE OF PNEUMATIC PIANO PLAYERS DESCRIBED.

Connect a little diaphragm with the striking lever of the piano, then cause the diaphragm to be full of air and the lever will strike the string. This is the principle in a nutshell of the pneumatic piano-player. The greater the air pressure, the louder will be the tone. This is the principle of the Angelus, which is the piano-player perfected. There is no need to describe in detail the vacuum produced in the box, and the rush of air through the holes in the music roll to that vacuum. That is a mere technicality. The main thing to remember is that in the Angelus the air pressure is so controlled that the notes of a melody hidden in a maze of accompaniment can be brought out in a delightful cantabile equal to that produced by the fingers of the most accomplished artist. Moreover, the means whereby this is accomplished are protected by patent. But the Angelus has other advantages. There are also two little buttons so placed as to be convenient to the operator, whereby it is possible to procure a forte in the bass and a piano in the treble or vice versa. There is also a little rocking lever whereby one can instantaneously retard or accelerate the music. Appropriately enough it is called a phrasing lever. With the Angelus, the performer can play all the notes accurately, and in the proper tempo; he can define the melody and adjust the dynamics to suit his idea of expression, and he can phrase the music according to his intelligence. No virtuoso can do any more. The Angelus, therefore brings to the home the complete technical equipment of a Paderewski.



\$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00

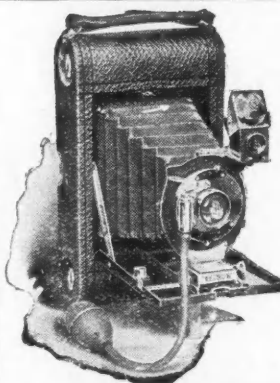
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Bird Homes. By A. R. Dugmore. 16 colored plates, 32 black and white. \$2.00.

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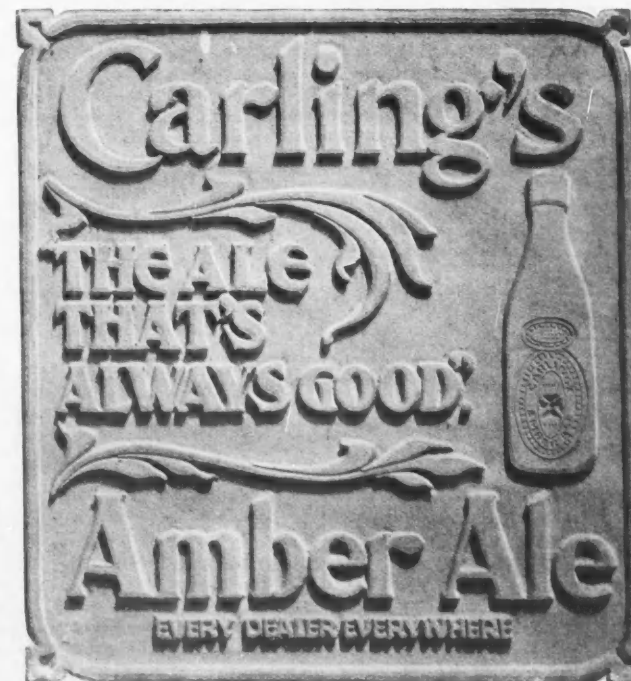
The Moth Book. By Dr. W. J. Holland. 48 colored plates and many text cuts. \$4.00.

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The Mushroom Book. By Nina L. Marshall. 24 colored plates, 24 black and white, and about 100 text cuts. \$3.00.

The Tree Book. By Julia E. Rogers. 16 color plates and nearly 300 photographs. \$4.00.

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THE CANADIAN HORSE SHOW.

The event to take place next week is well called "The Canadian Horse Show," and such things increase the spirit of "The Made in Canada" cry.

Another Canadian product has rapidly forged to the front rank, and wears the blue ribbon prize, namely radnor. Canada's great mineral water, fresh from its spring in the Laurentian Mountains.

SPORTING COMMENT

THE indoor athletic season came to a close on Saturday evening last, when the C. A. A. U. indoor championships were held under the auspices of the Garrison Athletic Association. To say that the meet was a success is putting it mildly, it was a hummer and the large crowd present thoroughly enjoyed every number.

It was expected that the star event of the evening would be the three mile run with Tait and Coley fighting it out, but Coley and McQuaid, although present, refused to run, denying that they had entered and stating that they both had run 18 miles on Friday, in preparation for the Marathon trials. It was quite a disappointment to the audience and the affair should be investigated by the C.A.A.U. However, Bredin Galbraith, of the Central Y.M.C.A., gave Tait a grand run for the honors and the crowd seemed satisfied. Galbraith is a sure enough runner all right. He is a good man at any distance and should be there or thereabouts at the trials.

Of equal interest was the two mile walk, in which Geo. Goulding and "Chuck" Skene were meeting for the second time, and the Central had again demonstrated his superiority, after the husky Skene had jostled him all over the track. On two occasions when Goulding attempted to take the lead Skene almost put him over the ropes into the crowd and the second time it looked as if Goulding would retire but he pluckily went after the West End and beat him home by 20 yards. Skene entered a protest alleging that Goulding had cut over in front of him before gaining the necessary six feet of a lead, but the judges ruled otherwise and informed "Chuck" that by his rough tactics he forfeited any grounds he had for a protest. It was an unpleasant incident in a good night's sport. These two men had lapped the rest of the field, of which Major, West End, was the best, finishing with a fine burst of speed and clinching third place. Goulding, besides having it on Skene in speed, walked by far the better judged race and should have no trouble in making the Olympic trip. His time for the two miles, 14.25 2-5, after all the interference, was decidedly good.

Sebert, the West End sprinter, was in rare form and won the final of the 50 yd. dash in 5 2-5. Len. Kyle and Joe White finished in the order named and made it one, two, three for West End.

Irving Parkes, W. E., won the 1,000 yds. run, as usual, and Harry Smith, Central, was in his accustomed place, second. Selby, Garrison, was next best.

West End put over the first three men in the 60 yd. hurdle, Calvin Bricker getting first place in a close finish from W. R. Worthington; Len. Kyle was third.

Con Walsh added another inch to the 56-lb high throw, tossing the weight 15 feet 10 inches. Con made an attempt to place the figures at 16 feet but failed by a hair. He can do it however.

In the regimental relay the 91st Highlanders, of Hamilton, carried off the honors. Don McQuaid, who made such a good impression in his three mile exhibition with Percy Sellen at the St. Lawrence arena, took up the last relay and going after Spurrier, O. O. R., who had 30 yards lead on him, cut it down and won going away by 15 yards.

John Bowie, I.C.A.C., annexed the 12-lb shot put, sending the missile 43 ft. 11 1-2 inches. Harry Giddings, Central, marked his reappearance to the game after a long absence by getting second place.

The Lloyd-Lindsay competition, which consists of running, volley firing, hurdling, water jumping and fence climbing, was won by No. 1 team from the Royal Grenadiers.

Arthur Scholes won the school boys' race easily. He had over a hundred yards on H. F. Duffill, who captured the place. Paul Goforth got third, with the rest beaten off.

West End won the relay from Central and also the championship banner.

THE other day we were afforded an opportunity of listening to a few remarks on sport by a man who took considerable interest in athletics in his younger days. The writer remembered him as a fine upstanding specimen of a man years ago and was surprised to notice the changes a decade of close attention to business had made in his physique. Instead

of the easy, natural carriage produced by sensible exercise he had the deceptive straightness of the corpulent and looked as soft as a milk pudding. A few enquiries brought forth the fact that he took no more interest in sports except as a spectator and his nearest approach to active participation in games of any kind was a turn at billiards two or three days a week. He had allowed his business to obliterate almost every other interest in life until it had become a fetish that had to be consulted before he allowed himself a moment's breathing spell. To the suggestion that a membership in a golf club might help some he made answer, "Man alive, what do you think would happen to my business if I fiddled away my time in that fashion? And even if I could spare the time, do you suppose I would use it up on a kid's game like golf?" I told him that his philosophy was a mixture of foolishness and prejudice that would not deceive a child, but he replied that he was doing very well, thank you, and would worry along somehow. He utterly ignored the fact that his mind was working at the expense of his body, and if appearances went for anything a few short years would see his little game played out and nothing to show for it but an illuminated resolution of condolence and a tidy estate for his heirs and assigns to toy with.

And there are others.

IT is fortunate that the Olympic Committee were able to come to a decision that would enable Geo. S. Lyon to take part in the contest for the championship of the golf section of the Olympic games. If Mr. Lyon is on his game while in England he has an even chance of winning out, which is more than can be said of the representatives in some other lines of sport who are making strenuous efforts to be included in the Canadian contingent.

A little while back it appeared as though the Olympic golf contest for 1908 was going to be a fizzle. Some of the high and mighty ones in the game over there did not think that the preparations took into account the age and dignity of the sport and things were not being done according to Hoyle, or words to that effect. The committee in charge explained, expounded and exhorted for the better part of a month before they could get the disgruntled ones to consider the matter favorably. Now everything is "gey fine about St. Andra's, ye ken," and Mr. Lyon will have the pleasure of playing in company that will compel him to travel his fastest to keep in the hunt.

The Canadian Olympic Committee were well advised in their action, and if all their other selections are made with an equal appreciation of the facts, Canada will send a well-balanced team with a minimum of dead wood in it. There are certain contests in which we would not stand a ghost of a show, and it would be money and time saved if these were stricken off the list at the start. There are sundry parties under this head who are fussing around in an endeavor to get on the list for a free trip. It would pay them to stand from under before the limelight begins working at the end of May. In the white light of publicity, tinsel looks tawdry by the side of pure gold, and the public are not averse to a hearty laugh, provided the goat is forthcoming! Enough said.

In the meantime the weeding-out process is entering on its final stages. The actual tests do not come for a while yet, but enough is being disclosed by preliminary canters in the shape of indoor meets to give a pretty good line on the material available, and the results obtained so far are encouraging to a degree. Looking at the situation impartially, there should be something doing when the Canadian contingent arrives at Shepherd's Bush.

LISTEN for the heap much noise that shall be wafted Toronto-ward when Hamilton is finally turned down in regard to the Marathon trials. The inhabitants of the Tiger's lair will of a surety give vent to their feelings in screeching that old and oft repeated cry of "Hogtown." And can you blame them if they do? If any town in Canada has a right to any preference in regard to the Marathon trials surely Hamilton has. The city under the mountain hatched the long distance game on the North American continent, nursed it through its infancy when other places were decrying it as harmful

to the youth of the country, turned out the best exponents of it in the world, and now the powers that be ignore her when deciding where the trials to decide the runners that shall represent Canada in competition with the world, shall take place.

Just think it over. If it had not been for the Herald race would Sherring have become a runner and advertised Canada by his wonderful victory at Athens? Would there have been any revival of athletics in Canada if Caffery, Sherring and Hughson, some years ago, and Irving Elliott, Dinny Bennett and Longboat, in latter years, had not journeyed to Uncle Sam's domain and besides trimming their American opponents, demonstrated by their wonderful time that Canada had athletes who not only could hold their own but win from the best in the world. The victories of those boys did more towards awakening slumbering Athleticism in Canada than anything else, and the city that gave them their start should not be passed over for Toronto. Why shouldn't they cry Hogtown?

ANOTHER peculiar feature of the Garrison programme was the billing of a relay race, in which Longboat and Cummings were supposed to run Tait and Sellen. Any-one following the game at present would readily recognize the futility of trying to bring Longboat and Tait together in this manner, yet the audience was mightily disappointed when the race failed to materialize. This is not as it should be and if the meet promoters continue to use such tactics the public will eventually insist on seeing the star performers parade the street, a la minstrels, before believing that they are ready and willing to compete.

The Optimist.

No, the chance to make a killing
Isn't big, I must admit,
But I'm always very willing
To put on a little bit,
There's a lot of double dealing
In the game. It's just a skin,
But I somehow have a feeling
I shall win.

I've a lemon taste that puckers
Up my mouth for what I've lost,
And I know that other suckers
Also have it, to their cost,
They will throw the stuff in bunches
When the wheels begin to spin,
But I've got all kinds of hunches
I shall win.

If the cards my way aren't running,
I get it in the neck,
If my hand has lost its cunning
I'll just cut another deck,
Disappointment I will smother,
As a new game I begin,
For I'm sure some time or other
I shall win.

—Chicago News.

FOUR TRAINS DAILY FOR MONTREAL

leave Toronto, via the Grand Trunk Railway System, as follows: 7.30 a.m., 9.00 a.m., 8.30 p.m. and 10.15 p.m. The 9.00 a.m. carries cafe parlor car to Montreal and through Boston sleeper. The 8.30 p.m. and 10.15 p.m. carry through sleepers and make connections at Montreal with Intercolonial Railway for points in Maritime provinces. Only double track line to Montreal. Secure tickets and make reservations at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.


A TREAT IN STORE FOR YOU.

Caruso, the world's greatest tenor, can be heard in recital on the famous Victor Victrola, on Tuesday evening next, May 5, at 8.15 p.m., in the large recital hall of the R. S. Williams & Sons Co., Ltd. Let nothing keep you away. A duplicate of the Massey Hall programme will be given, including the famous Rigoletto Quartette. 143 Yonge street is the address, and yourself and friends are invited.

C. P. R. WEEK-END EXCURSIONS.

Cheap Saturday to Monday rates come into effect on the Canadian Pacific Railway on Saturday, May 2nd. Return tickets to Hamilton, Brantford, Galt, Ingersoll, Lindsay, Peterborough, Orangeville, Owen Sound, and many other points at single fare plus ten cents, on sale at all city ticket offices.

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It is this curing process that brings out the delightful aroma so noticeable in MOGUL Cigarettes.

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MOGUL Cigarettes with cork tips, in packages of 10, cost 15c.

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The Largest Bowling Lawn in the World

The Dominion Bowling Lawn at Woodbine Park, Toronto, is the largest in the world, comprising thirty-two greens and accommodating 258 players at one time. Not a particle of sod was used in building it: **RENNIE'S "EVERGREEN" LAWN GRASS SEED** was sown on the virgin soil, and, **thirty-five days after, the lawn mowers were kept busy.** On August 16th last, the Dominion Bowling Tournament was held on this now world famous lawn, yet, but a few weeks before, not a vestige of grass was to be seen on the site. **RENNIE'S "EVERGREEN" LAWN GRASS SEED** will make a lawn where all other seeds fail. **Price: 30c per lb.**

"RENNIE'S SELECTION" SWEET PEA MIXTURE—A special mixture of all the largest and newest varieties. Nothing finer can be had. 4 lb. 25c.

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Five times as strong and five times as durable, as well as five times as comfortable. If you don't find the Hercules the easiest, most comfortable and the best bed in every way that you ever slept on, return it to your dealer at the end of thirty days, and he will return your money. Isn't that a fair way to let you test it?

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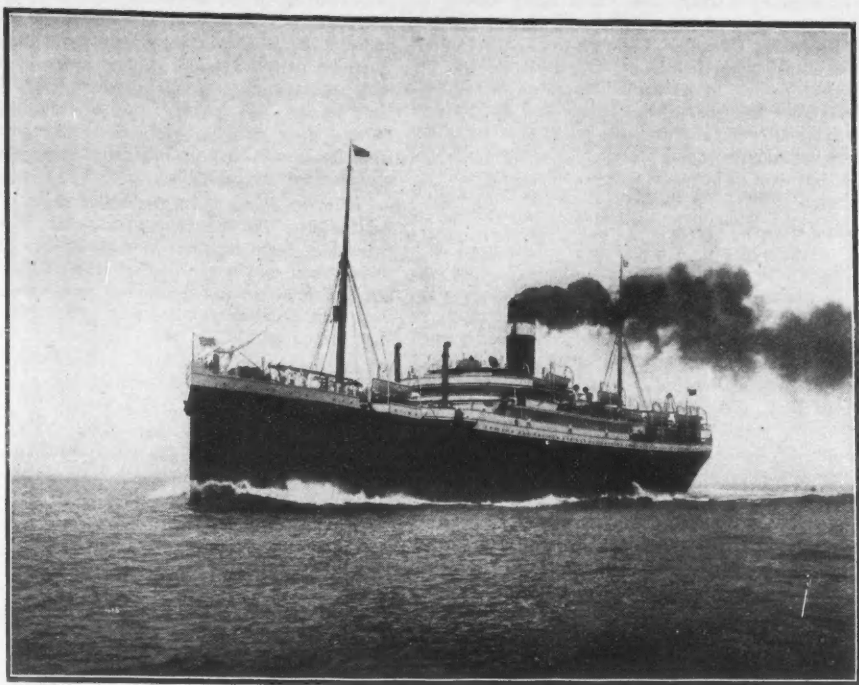
Pictures will be on view in the Gallery from Saturday, the 2nd of May, until the day of the sale. The Exhibit will be well worth a visit.

This is a grand opportunity for buyers to obtain pictures at their own price. There is no reserve, and all must be sold.

Come early and secure a good seat.

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A NEW ROUTE TO THE OLD LAND



ALLAN LINE TWIN SCREW STEAMER "GRAMPIAN."

THE sailing of the Allan Line's new twin screw steamer "Hesperian" from Glasgow, for Montreal, on April 25th, marks the inauguration of a direct weekly service of high class passenger steamers between Canada and Scotland.

This service will be performed by the new steamers "Hesperian" and "Grampian," the "Ionian" and the

"Grampian," from copyright photographs, by Messrs Maclure, Macdonald & Co., of Glasgow, show the steamers and accommodation to be of the most modern type.

Briefly, the "Grampian" and "Hesperian" are sister ships, built by the well known firm of Alexander Stephen & Son, Linthouse. They are each of 10,000 tons register, 502

Accommodation in keeping with Twentieth Century requirements is provided for 200 first class, 350 second and a large number of third class passengers.

Spacious promenade decks for each class is a noticeable feature, while particular attention has been paid to ventilation, the usual method of tube ventilator being supplemented by a

Adjacent to the dining saloon is the pantry, in which are installed all the latest devices for perfect service. A cold chamber is provided on the orlop deck, where perishable provisions may be kept at any desired temperature.

Passing through the entrance hall, which is on the same level and adjoins the dining saloon, a grand staircase leads to the music room above. This room is situated on the promenade deck, with all the advantages of light

at the after end of the promenade deck, is a large and airy constructed room. The panelling is in oak with ceiling in white and gold.

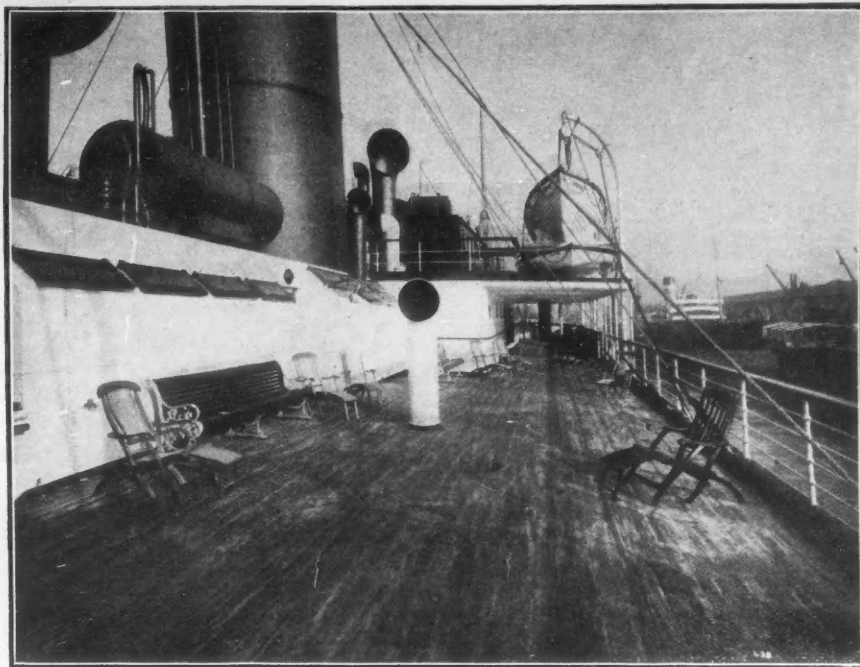
The sanitary arrangements are most complete, lavatories and bathrooms having been installed on each of the three passenger decks.

The second class passengers are provided for in a style differing but little from the first. On the shelter deck is placed the dining saloon, which extends the full width of the

comfort, of the public rooms provided for this class.

The service, attendance, etc., will be on a par with the high class service maintained on the Royal Mail steamers to Liverpool. As an alternative route for return passage, the Glasgow steamers should prove as popular westbound as with the tourist or business man who may desire to proceed direct from Canada to Scotland.

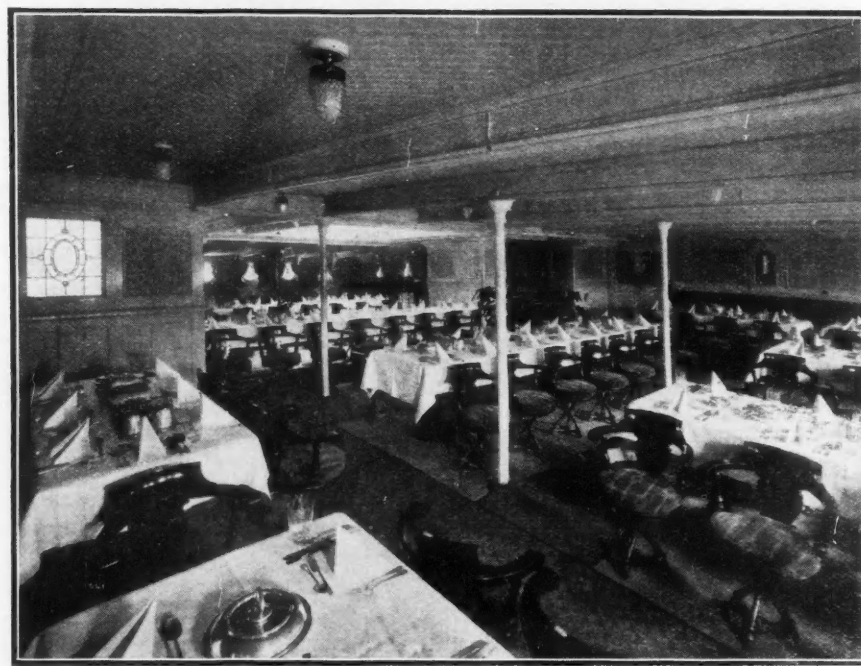
The superior service given by the



"GRAMPIAN" AND "HESPERIAN," FIRST CLASS PROMENADE DECK.



"GRAMPIAN" AND "HESPERIAN," FIRST CLASS ENTRANCE HALL.



"GRAMPIAN" AND "HESPERIAN," SECOND CLASS DINING SALOON.

"Pretorian," the two latter steamers having been transferred from the Liverpool "Royal Mail" service on the advent of the turbines "Victorian" and "Virginian."

The accompanying illustrations of

feet in length, 60 feet breadth and 41 feet 6 in. depth, with triple expansion twin screw engines, designed to maintain a sea speed of over sixteen knots, ensuring a passage from port to port of eight days.

complete installation of the thermo tank system.

The first class dining saloon is situated at the forward end of the bridge deck, extra large square windows on three sides providing light and air.

and air which that position bestows. Large square windows round three sides provide light similar to dining saloon.

The first class smoke room, placed at the same level as the music room,

ship, with a seating capacity for two hundred passengers.

The music and smoking rooms are situated on the bridge deck above. Our illustration of the dining saloon is typical, in point of spaciousness and

Allan Line Royal Steamers to Liverpool, the development of the Glasgow route, and the improved service to London and Havre is the best evidence of the rapidly increasing popularity of the St. Lawrence route.

Royal Academy Romances

Notes concerning the Exhibition which opens in London next Monday, and some stories of famous Academicians.

DURING the past month or so there has been unusual activity among Canadian artists, and admirers and patrons of art in Toronto have, with no little enthusiasm, attended the exhibitions held here by the various societies, culminating in that of the Royal Canadian Academy which is now in progress. April has also been the month of art in England, a month in which many reputations have hung in the balance. The Royal Academy exhibition at Burlington House, London, opens next Monday, and for some time past a select committee of Academicians have been examining the paintings submitted, which this year have numbered some six thousand. Scarcely a fourth of them will grace the walls of the Academy. In a steady stream the work of these aspirants to supreme artistic fame has been presented to the inquisitorial judges who know not mercy; and on the back of each painting submitted has been inscribed one of three mystic letters—X, D, or A. The first signifies absolute rejection; the second that a final decision is reserved; while a few receive at once the coveted A, denoting acceptance.

This weeding-out process occupies three weeks, and then the final jud-

ges, the hanging committee, commence their task of deciding which of the pictures shall have pre-eminence "on the line," and which shall be ignominiously "skied."

The three days preceding the first Monday in May (says M. A. P., of London) are vernalizing days, and of all days are the maddest and merriest of the year for the fortunate artists who soon will see the fruit of their labors adorning those cold and unlovely walls. It is the time when the skill of the painter is put to a real test. His "effort" may be a symphony in soft and neutral tones, while next door is a canvas covered with a mass of brazen color. It is necessary for the one work to be toned down, while the other is emphasized more strongly, so as to obtain some degree of harmony.

Fortunately, painters are among the best raconteurs in the world; and the resentment which they must naturally feel at interfering with their work in this way is generally dispelled by a good tale told by one or another of them. I especially, (continues the M. A. P. writer) remember the last vernalizing day that the nonagenarian, Mr. T. S. Cooper, the "father of the Academy," put in an appearance at Burlington House. He was brilliant in his anecdote; but, as he was very deaf, he spoke, all unconsciously, in a tone that penetrated to every corner of the large hall, and even further, for he could frequently be heard in the corridors outside. The very last story that he related was about a dog belonging to a Scotsman who had been his model. Every time he went for a sitting, the Scotsman took this

dog with him. One day he arrived soaked through, having been caught in a heavy downpour of rain. He removed his plaid, and handed it to the collie, who immediately disappeared with it. "I was curious to see what the animal would do with the plaid," shouted Mr. Cooper in thunderous tones. "I followed him, and, gentlemen, would you believe it, I saw that dog sitting before my kitchen fire with his fore paws outstretched to the flames. Over the paws hung his master's plaid, which he turned about, first on one side, then on the other, in the process of drying it."

An extraordinary incident is connected with Professor von Herkomer's famous painting, "The Last Muster," which was the picture of its year at the Academy. One morning, soon after the exhibition was opened, the artist was astonished to receive a letter from a lady, a perfect stranger, who said she was not aware, until she saw "The Last Muster" at the Academy, on the previous day, that her mother, then dead, had ever sat to the professor for her portrait. Now the figure in the picture was painted solely from imagination, and the artist hastened to explain this fact to his correspondent. She thereupon asked for an appointment, and took with her to Professor von Herkomer's house an oil painting of her mother, asserting that it was a faithful representation of that lady. The Academician was astounded to perceive that he had really portrayed on his own canvas a facsimile of the figure in this other painting, although it was that of a woman whom he had never seen.

The Foothill Country.

UP the dusk-inked prairie, Footfalls soft and sly, Velvet cushioned, wild and wary, Then the coyote's cry.

Rush and hoofs and roar and rattle, Beasts of blood and breed; Twenty thousand frightened cattle, Then the wild stampede.

Pliant lasso circling wider With the frenzied flight, Loping horse and cursing rider Plunging through the night.

Rim of dawn the darkness loosing, Trail of blackened loam, Perfume of the sage brush oozing On the air like foam.

Foothills to the Rockies lifting, Brown and blue and green, Warm Alberta's sunshine drifting Over leagues between.

That's the country of the ranges, Plain and prairie land, And the God who never changes Holds it in His hand.

—E. Pauline Johnston.

IT appears that to backseat men at 40 would simply rob the world of most of its masterpieces, the creation of which depends on the intellect. An interesting article in The Century gives the average age at which the best work in various lines has been produced.

According to the writer of the article the records give an average age of 50 for the performance of the masterwork. For workers the average age is 47 and for thinkers 52.

Chemists and physicians average the youngest, reaching their highest efficiency at 41, which may account for the theories of Dr. Osler.

Dramatists and playwrights, poets and inventors follow at 44; novelists give an average of 46; explorers and warriors, 47; musical composers and actors, 48; artists and divines occupy the position of equilibrium at 50; essayists and reformers stand at 51; physicians and surgeons line up with the statesmen at 52; philosophers give an average of 54; astronomers and mathematicians, satirists and humorists 56; historians 57, naturalists and jurists 58.

"As may be noted," says the writer, "there is a rearrangement of the order at this time, but the thinkers, as before, and as would naturally be expected, attain their full maturity at a later period than the workers. The corollary is evident. Provided health and optimism remain, the man of 50 can command success as readily as the man of 30."

ONE day a hustling Yankee riding through the West Virginian mountains came up with a mountaineer leisurely driving a herd of pigs. "Where are you driving the pigs to?" asked the rider.

"Out to pasture 'em a bit."

"What for?"

"To fatten 'em."

"Isn't it pretty slow work to fatten 'em on grass? Up where I come from we pen them up and feed them on corn. It saves a lot of time."

"Yaas, I s'pose so," drawled the mountaineer. "But, h—, what's time to a hawg?"

AN innocent Cockney, while in the country, asked a farmer how they managed to grow streaky bacon?

"Oh, it is simple enough," said the honest agriculturist. "One week we starve the pig or feed him very little. That makes a layer of lean meat. Next week we give him all he can possibly eat, even working overtime, and that makes a row of fat. So by alternate starving and feeding we get the beautiful streaky bacon!"

"Dear me," said the Cockney, "and how do you make the ham?"

"Oh, we manage that by putting a ring in the pig's nose. See, there it is!" was the reply.

A TREAT IN STORE FOR YOU.

Caruso, the world's greatest tenor, can be heard in recital on the famous Victor Victrola, on Tuesday evening next, May 5, at 8.15 p.m., in the large recital hall of the R. S. Williams & Sons, Co., Ltd. Let nothing keep you away. A duplicate of the Massey Hall programme will be given, including the famous Rigoletto Quartette. 143 Yonge street is the address, and yourself and friends are invited.

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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!? POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE ?!

A Good Campaign Story.

IT is related that when "Jim" Robinson was running in 1896 as Conservative candidate for the Commons in Northumberland, N.B., he had with him as he drove around to his meetings, a former colleague in the Legislature, Hon. Lemuel J. Tweedie, the present Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick. The Manitoba school trouble and the Remedial Bill were questions of the time. Mr. Robinson knew all about the lumber business and had some rudimentary knowledge of draw poker, but was dubious in regard to the intricacies of remedial legislation. Mr. Tweedie assured him that it would be "all right." But that night, as they slept, while on the way to Blankville, Robinson had a dream which troubled him, and he imparted his troubles to his companion.

He had seen in his vision the crowded meeting and himself addressing it, when a man arose to heckle him. "What was he like?" Tweedie enquired.

"A tall, thin chap, in a frock coat, and a skimpy brown moustache."

"Yes, that's teacher Spooner; know him well. Don't bother, we'll soon settle him. I'll tell you how." And he told him.

They arrived in Blankville to find the hall crowded, and Spooner on hand according to the dream. Robinson had barely introduced his subject when Spooner arose, with a sheet of foolscap in hand, and proceeded to ask the first of a long series of questions he had prepared. It was about the Remedial Bill. But Robinson was ready. He did not know anything about the Bill, he said—had not seen it; would form his judgment when he had the Bill before him and act accordingly. His friends cheered.

"And now," he went on, "turn about is fair play. I want to ask Mr. Spooner a question." Then fixing his gaze on the schoolmaster, he thundered out: "What did you do with that \$500 you got to spend on the Doaktown road?"

Spooner dropped in his seat, the crowd hooted and yelled, and there were no more questions asked. Robinson's majority in the election a few days later was 507. Spooner had not had a dollar to spend on the road. The question was a straight bluff, but it proved effectual.

Hon. Dr. Willoughby's Urbanity.

THE daily newspapers contained many complimentary allusions to the late Hon. Dr. Willoughby, when it was learned that ill-health had compelled his retirement from politics; and all who knew him will sincerely regret the fatal termination of his illness, on Tuesday of this week.

During the long fight which led to the advent of Mr. Whitney to power in Ontario, Dr. Willoughby played a very prominent part in the caucus of the Conservative party. More to him than anyone else was due, in fact, the choice of Mr. Whitney as leader of the Opposition. After the general elections of June, 1894, the House was divided into three sections. The supporters of the Mowat administration were a majority of about seven in the whole House. The balance was equally divided between Patrons of Industry and Conservatives. The latter, numerically, did not represent more than twenty-five per cent. of the entire Legislature; then Mr. Meredith recognized his utter defeat by retiring from politics.

When the caucus met, the late Mr. Marter was made leader and Dr. Willoughby whip. The name of Mr. Whitney was not even voted on. The Opposition went ahead for a session or so under Mr. Marter, and Dr. Willoughby realized that the task was hopeless, and that there was no chance of winning on Mr. Marter's favorite issue—the dissipation of the John Sandfield Macdonald surplus. He and other Eastern members got together and decided to depose Mr. Marter and elect Mr. Whitney as leader. The wisdom of the choice has since been demonstrated.

At that time Mr. Whitney was very little known outside the St. Lawrence valley, and a definite campaign

to let the electorate of the whole province get acquainted with him was pursued for three years. Mr. Whitney has never been a good "mixer" or "fratter," and it was on tour that Dr. Willoughby, who was expert in such arts, did yeoman service. Walking along a village street with the leader they would meet some man who looked at them in a friendly way. The doctor would stop and shake hands and then say: "Let me introduce Mr. Whitney." A friendly conversation would ensue, the villager would feel flattered, and a vote was made. Usually the doctor had never seen the man before in his life.

On one occasion, in a Western Ontario town, this process was frequently repeated. Finally Mr. Whitney said:

"Tell me, Willoughby, did you ever meet any of these men before?"

"Not a man of them," replied the whip.

"Well, all I've got to say is that some day they'll arrest you on suspicion as a confidence man," was his leader's response.

A Well-known Horseman.

ONE of the Horse Show visitors in town this week is Michael Tierney, of London, whose interest in the event at the St. Lawrence arena is due entirely to business and not to social considerations. Mr. Tierney occupies a useful but humble position in the entourage of Hon. Adam Beck's string of equines, but, despite his lowly station in life, he has an interesting personality, and is probably as well known to the majority of London's citizens as is the more distinguished gentleman who is at present his employer.

Mike, as he is familiarly known, has a rough and brawny exterior, but an honest heart. For one season, several years ago, he was enrolled in the London Football Club, and his natural strength and fearlessness, united with the stern discipline of the training to which he submitted himself, made him a useful member. At the end of the season, when the London team was returning victorious from a neighboring city, the boys, out of compliment to Michael, appointed him custodian of the coveted cup which went with the championship. While Michael's attention was diverted, however, some mischievous spirits secured the cup and hid it. A few minutes later the perturbed Tierney rushed through the train, vociferating: "De torphy's pinched! De torphy's pinched!"

For the balance of that year at least no one in London thought of using any other word except "torphy" in speaking of the championship trophy.

Michael has always been a staunch friend of the London newspaper men. One morning he witnessed an exciting runaway, and, meeting one of his reporter friends, he proceeded to tell of the occurrence, using, in the course of his recital, the following vivid bit of description:

"And suddenly de horse got spirituous and started up de street at a decenter!"

On the closing night of last year's Horse Show at Toronto, a former London man, while promenading, met Mike, the latter wearing his stable clothes and an aggrieved look. Finding a sympathetic ear, Michael explained that a few minutes before he had had his feelings hurt by another former acquaintance.

"Why," he said, "I was walkin' along when I seen A—M— (mentioning a prominent young society man). He had one of de ladies from Government House, but I didn't mind, and I was just goin' up to brace him, when he seen me, an' he put his hand up to his mouth and whispered, 'Pass me by, Mike; pass me by.' What do you tink of dat fer a guy?"

A Parliamentarian in Embryo.

HON. J. P. WHITNEY has a grandson who is popularly known in social and political circles as "Pat." Pat is about five or six years old, but is a very knowing child. Inheriting the instinct of statesmanship, he has already planned what he is going to do when he is Premier. Around the Parliament Buildings Pat is already sort of Minister without portfolio. When the session is on he gambols with the pages on the floor of the House, chums with the Ministers and members, and frequently visits the press gallery. He is popular with all classes.

One day he was in the press gallery, and, looking down, he saw that his distinguished grandfather had some chocolates. Now Pat is fond of chocolates.

"See!" he exclaimed, with enthusiasm, "look what grandpa has got."

Then he secured a piece of paper and wrote these words: "I want five chocolates. Pat."

With the dignity of a Minister he snapped his fingers, and a page boy answered the call. The note was forthwith sent to the Premier. Mr. Whitney read it. Without looking up the precedents in the matter, he proceeded to fill the order, quietly putting the five chocolates into the waiting hand of the page. Pat had a few minutes of bliss.

Politics a Waiting Game.

THE decision of so many young men on both sides of politics to retire from participation in the coming fray can signify nothing else but the absolute decay of political ambition in this part of the country. If a young man has the ambition of one day wearing the name "honorable" in front of his name, and experiencing the pleasures and pains of an administrator, the best way for him to do so is to get into the House early and stay there. As a rule Cabinet portfolios and leadership come to men who have long been in the public eye as legislators. Of late years Sir Wilfrid Laurier has made some notable exceptions, as in the case of Hon. A. B. Aylesworth and Hon. G. P. Graham, but these were gentlemen well known to the public through their activities in other spheres. Hon. J. P. Whitney sat for years as a member of an Opposition as weak numerically and otherwise as the present administration in Ontario. The young men who are appalled at the prospect of sitting in the cold shades of Opposition will probably never enjoy the privilege of sitting on the Treasury benches. A dictum something like this was laid down by Hon. W. E. Gladstone some years ago.

When Mr. Whitney came to form his Government he took in some men who had taken charge of his organization in various sections of the province under promise of preferment, but he did not forget old associates like Col. Matheson and Hon. J. W. St. John, who had fought by

his side when the Opposition was merely a name. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's original Cabinet also contained a considerable number of seasoned Parliamentarians who had persevered in many a weary and discouraging fight.

While the growth of the principle of sectional representation sprinkles Canadian Cabinets with men devoid of Parliamentary experience, no Government can get along without having in its ranks a number of old tacticians who have the rules of the House and the craft of debate at their fingers' ends, and who know by observation and experience how to round a corner in a hurry or help a comrade out of a tight place.

A Remarkable Case in Surgery.

A FEW weeks ago a man was struck on the head by a falling bottle and his skull fractured. The case was recorded in the daily press, but the doctors failed to inform the reporters that the case was one of the most remarkable on record. For this man, with a crescent-shaped piece of skull driven clear into the brain tissue, walked several blocks to the hospital, rationally told what had happened to him, and protested volubly when told he would have to be operated on.

His skull was trephined, the bone removed, and the patient is doing well. The case will probably be recorded at length in medical journals everywhere.

The ironical fact in connection with the case, however, is that in the very week when the accident happened a murder trial was in progress in an Ontario assize town, involving a blow on the head. A number of medical witnesses were called to give expert testimony in connection with a point in the case. To a man they swore that a blow which would cause a piece of bone to enter the brain tissue would render a man instantly unconscious and incapable of movement!

The Humorist of the Legislature.

HUGH CLARK, who represented Centre Bruce in the late Legislature, and will, no doubt continue to do so in the new one, has the happy and rare faculty of combining brightness and seriousness.



COL. HUGH CLARK, M.P.P., AND "COL." JR.

When he attempted to carry his constituency alone and single-handed against the combined forces of the enemy they thought it was a joke, but they found it was very serious business. No one appreciates a joke better than the gallant Colonel, and yet no one realizes better that seriousness is the attribute of statesmanship.

But the kind of story which Hugh Clark likes to tell is the kind that can be applied to current events. He told one to his fellow members one day when they were discussing the Redistribution Bill.

"The village boaster," he said, "was parading the boast that he could 'lick' any man in Virginia."

"No one responded. He repeated it, but still no one responded."

"I can lick anyone in Richmond or Virginia," he then declared, broadening his challenge.

"Up stepped a young man and smashed the boaster a blow which sent him sprawling on the street."

"I got the worst of it that time," confessed the vanquished one, as he picked himself up. "And it served me right, too. I took in too much territory."

"Perhaps some of you fellows will be taking in too much territory," said the Colonel, applying the story to the redistribution.

Another Prince of Wales Story.

DR. MORGAN'S humorous story in connection with the visit of the Duke of Cornwall and York to Canada, which appeared in last week's SATURDAY NIGHT, "reminds me of another," writes a correspondent.

The Duke and Duchess, on their tour through southwestern Ontario, were to make a short stop at the city of (for obvious reasons I omit the name, also the names of the citizens referred to). A short address was to be presented first; then the mayor and city council, along with a few leading citizens, were to be introduced. One of the latter, an ex-mayor, possessed of an easy assurance of manner and rather inclined to cheerful loquacity, thought it was up to him to make some remark when he was presented. So he said to the Duke in a half-jocular, half-familiar tone: "I saw the old man when he was in Canada in 1860."

With the greatest good nature the Duke replied: "Oh, indeed! But we do not consider my father, the King, an old man yet."

Before this same function was ended another bit of humor cropped up. One of the aldermen to be introduced was generally known by the nickname of "Lord Raglan"; in fact, for years he had been recognized by that name only in the city, and widely throughout the country. When it came his turn to be presented the mayor, unthinkingly, gave the nickname—

"Lord Raglan, Your Highness."

Now Lord Raglan, both in address and personal appearance, was anything but "lordly," although a very popular character and good businesslike citizen. The Prince evidently saw the humor of the situation at once, for he quickly turned to the Duchess with a visible smile, and said: "My Lord—the Duchess—Duchess—Lord Raglan."

The Duchess seemed also to understand at once, for with her sweetest smile she received the "lord" in such a gracious manner that he was able to pull himself together and make his exit before utter collapse had overtaken him.

I can vouch for the foregoing, as the whole story was told me by Lord Raglan himself a short time after the event.

Wanted the President to Write Some Songs.

RENOWNED as is Prof. W. J. Loudon, ex-President of the University of Toronto, in the realm of science, none of his intimates ever suspected him of aspiring to fame as a writer of lyrics. That his name, however, has in some mysterious manner gone forth as a farmer of jingling measures is proved by a letter which he received while yet President of the University. The story is still told with glee by Mr. Loudon's friends.

It appears that there was delivered one morning among his mail a letter bearing the name of an American firm. On opening it Mr. Loudon found an epistle,

printed in imitation of typewriting, signed with a rubber stamp and running something as follows:

"Dear Sir: Have you ever thought of the enormous profits made by the writer of popular songs? The composer of 'Bill Bailey' made \$20,000. 'The Honeysuckle and the Bee' brought its writer something like \$15,000. 'Belinda' netted \$25,000. Other songs have secured for their writers even greater sums. Why don't you try your hand? We make a business of placing the work of new song writers before the music publishers. Our facilities in this line are unrivalled. We shall be glad to consider any of your productions. Our terms, etc."

Whether Mr. Loudon took advantage of the "unrivalled facilities" is unknown. Inasmuch, however, as his name has been attached to none of the recent musical successes, it would appear that if he did so his work did not find favor in the discerning eyes of those who keep the organ grinders supplied with grist.

A Town Scot on the Farm.

IN these days when there is so much criticism of the average immigrant upon the farm, it is quite a common thing for the Englishman to be represented as useless and incapable, but it is not often that we are told of a Scot who lacks the power of assimilation to his surroundings. Yet Dr. Chisholm, M.P., for East Huron, tells of such a one in the following story:

A man came out from Glasgow and hired as a farm laborer. He was told by his employer: "Now, Sandy, there is a farmer across the road and he and I are exceedingly good friends. We have an arrangement that if he in any way spoils any of his farm implements he is to have the loan of anything that I have, and if we happen to break any of our implements we can go over and get his. If that man comes over and asks for the loan of any farm implements when I am not here you must give them to him."

One day the farmer was away and the neighbor came across and said: "Sandy, man, have you a plough? I have broken my plough and I wish to finish my ploughing."

"Och," replied Sandy, "ye can ha' the pleu. The maister said ye cud ha' anything about the place, bit I dinna ken whaur the pleu is, and I dinna ken whether I waud ken a pleu ef I saw ane; but there's the waggon and maybe ye can pleu wi' that until the maister comes hame."

The Tip-loving Paris Guide.

THIS is the time of year when many Canadians forget all about the "hard times" and financial stringency, as they pack their steamer trunks and start out for a little jaunt on "the continent." One thing that every Canadian who travels abroad has to put up with, and that is being mistaken for an American. Sometimes this is annoying, sometimes merely amusing.

Everyone who "does" Paris should spare a few hours to go out to the old palace of Versailles. That, at least, is the opinion of a party of Canadians who, in addition to seeing the magnificent collection of war paintings, had an amusing experience with an enthusiastic French guide. The Canadians paused before the picture, "The Enrollment of the Volunteers," and stood, touched by the conflicting emotions of love and duty so tenderly yet strongly portrayed.

"Come on," said the guide—or at least that was the English of it. "Something better yet."

Passing down the magnificent halls, they paused again to study the powerful portrayal of Napoleon in the midst of battle—determination in his bearing, sternness in his countenance, even though men were dead or dying all about him. It was magnificent; it was war.

"On, on," beckoned the enthusiastic guide. He had something better yet.

At the end of the hall his moment of triumph came. With a graceful wave and bow he pointed to a fine painting.

"Ze father of his countree, George Washington!" he exclaimed, proud that he was able at last to show something worth while.

But there was no outburst of applause. The Canadians just laughed.

Accumulating Stage Effects.

IN the rural districts stories of drovers who start forth on a journey with twenty head of cattle and finish it with forty head, are common. The stage manager of a repertoire opera company which visited Toronto earlier in the season is alleged to have applied this gypsy method of increasing stock to the accumulation of a scenic outfit.

The company left New York with some costumes and no scenery. It toured two months amid much tribulation, but when it got back to the metropolis it had two sixty-foot carloads of drops and various scene-sets.

The process of accumulation was a simple one. The stage manager succeeded first in begging, borrowing or stealing a drop, which gave an excuse for having a dray around the stage door on the night of the company's departure. Stage hands are notoriously indifferent about the theatre's property, and a house manager seldom goes back of the stage after a performance is over. The stage manager had already picked out the set he intended to appropriate. "This is ours!" he would say to the dray men, and the scenery would be removed.

One Toronto theatre paid tribute with a prison scene.

Members of Parliament at Church.

WHEN one considers the acrid debates in the House of Commons on week days, it is interesting to know where the members worship on Sundays. Last Sunday a correspondent of SATURDAY NIGHT attended the Dominion Methodist church, Ottawa, and there he saw curious sights.

To his right sat Mr. Ross, of Cape Breton, and Mr. Ratz. Behind him were Messrs. Ralph Smith, Carvell, and Schell, of Oxford. A few seats to one side was Mr. Elson, and Mr. H. H. Miller was behind him. A little further to the front, and in the same pew, were Dr. Barr, Mr. E. N. Lewis, Mr. Martin, of Wellington, and Mr. Peter Mackenzie.

The most curious sight of all was to see the Speaker, Hon. R. F. Sutherland, and Dr. Sproule side by side in the same pew.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY

By R. HOLMES

THE present exhibition will bear no imputation to the effect that it is meagre in the quantity of work exhibited. The two large rooms are full and running over. Wednesday morning's fire has not affected this. The main body of the exhibit which is now again open to the public, but unfortunately that part of the collection that occupied the entrance hall, including all of the architectural exhibit, is not now present. In addition to the work in the sections of architecture, sculpture and design there are a hundred and fifty-two exhibits classed as paintings, and it is quite possible that some of those sent in do not appear on the walls.

In the case of an exhibition of this kind the task imposed upon the jury of selection is a difficult one, and pictures are not always accepted or rejected with the faultless precision that marks the discrimination between good and bad coins by the machinery of the Royal Mint.

Standards of excellence vary continually and in a history of art the history of the revisions of the canons of taste would make a long chapter. Pictures and sculpture accepted not very long ago as the only kind that measured up to the requirements of what was then orthodox are now despised and rejected, and many others regarded by the juries of the time as heretical and dealt with accordingly, are now become the head of the corner. The "Impressionists" for instance, long regarded as mentally quite unbalanced, have only recently succeeded in fighting their way into such favorable recognition that the critics are beginning to jostle one another in a rush to subscribe to their gospel. Admission is largely a case of the survival of the fittest—not at all necessarily the fittest artistically, but the fittest to make an appeal to the sometimes very peculiar tastes of the jury, or the fittest perhaps to meet the special requirements of such an exhibition as this. It is easily conceivable that a picture that would be an artistic gem when seen under the conditions of lighting and background and general surroundings that are present in a private house or private gallery might here, under altogether different conditions quite fail to do itself justice, for without an almost objectionable amount of self-assertion a picture is more or less lost here, as a rose is lost in a bed of sunflowers.

The general appearance of the exhibition makes one sensible of the unenviable position occupied also by the hanging committee. The task of making a harmonious disposition of such a large number of rectangular elements of various sizes and shapes, tones and colors, each one intended to have no relation to its fellows, presents a great difficulty that in the present case does not seem to have been quite successfully overcome.

Though fully appreciating any success that can be obtained by a hanging committee in realizing a decorative scheme in the disposition of the pictures on the walls, it must not be overlooked that a collection of this kind is an exhibition of individual units. Each of these units is designed to be complete in itself and differs from a mosaic spot which is not intended to be self-sufficient, but derives much of its force through its relationship to the other spots with which it is associated, and is intended primarily to play a contributory part in a large scheme. A picture on the other hand is not intended to play any such contributory part, so that though one cannot but appreciate the success of a committee that does achieve a decorative effect in the display as a whole without a sacrifice of any of the units, one is scarcely justified in demanding the realization of such a scheme.

The lighting in the daytime leaves something to be desired, but fortunately the background of the display is somewhat happily chosen. It is unobtrusive in color and—which is still more important—its value as light or dark is satisfactory. Unless the color is objectionable beyond measure, the tone of a background will usually suffice to give pictures placed upon it at least a reasonable approximation to their proper value. When one steps into the open air even on a dull day, one gets a general impression of being in the light, and one feels that a background should be such as not to prevent a picture placed upon it from giving one the impression that it is in a general way an area of light rather than a dark blot.

So far as the Academicians are concerned it is a painters' exhibition. Every Painter-Academician except Challener is represented on the walls—Challener is busied with the decoration of other walls.

FACING one on entering the first room and occupying the principal place on this wall is "The Iris," the President's most important contribution and one which in several respects shows a consideration of some elements that seem to be too little regarded by many of the exhibitors. In addition to the craftsmanship—the painter qualities—the presence of which one takes for granted in the work of the Academicians, this example seems to indicate that some attention has been paid to decorative quality, both in the picture and in its setting. The large mass of light is nicely placed on the canvas, and is full of interest of several kinds. The secondary masses of light and dark in it are proportioned and distributed with some care; the lines seem to have been considered as elements in the composition; the color is interesting and the area of light as a whole emerges from the darkness in a very happy way. These are somewhat elementary matters of composition, reference to which would scarcely seem warranted except for the presence of many examples in which one feels that more force, more beauty and sometimes more truth, also, might have been obtained if the composition had been less lightly regarded.

The framing of "The Iris," an adaptation of classical elements, is noteworthy as being of other material than bright gold, and as being suited to the character of the picture. The construction may, perhaps, in some ways—the sketchy treatment of the somewhat Ionic volutes and of the mouldings, for instance—carry a very slight suggestion of cheapness, but in proportions, color and general design this frame contains the elements of repose and dignity and is in every way in beautiful accord with the picture with which it is associated.

Near by, and sounding a strident metallic note, the loudest that comes from this wall, is a very large gold frame of the excessively shiny "nouveau riche" quality that one associates with the term "gilt." It is probably expensive, but even this seems scarcely sufficient to justify its violent self-assertion. What the frame encloses is of a quite different character, and the combination affords another example of the very many cases of a picture and a frame being unequally yoked together. The picture—Mr. Cruikshank's portrait of Principal Hutton—is of a subject from the academic world and it bears the impress of much of what is best in academic painting. The scholarly Principal is painted in a scholarly way. There is no attempt to obtrude a display of scholarship in the

treatment but, on the contrary a considerable feeling of dignified reserve. There is no reach after the dramatic and even the picturesque element is not very insistent. It is a strong, straightforward and convincing presentation of the facts—an Academician's portrait of an Academician.

The matter of framing is one, the importance of which can pretty safely be emphasized without danger of too much upsetting of traditions that have long been strongly entrenched. As already noted a picture is a unit sufficient unto itself and the setting of it should be determined by its own character and should be such as will most successfully enhance its own special beauties. In the case of the present and recent exhibitions the framing of the Knowles' collection is particularly noticeable. Happily the artistic temperament of both Mr. and Mrs. Knowles contains sufficient of the decorative element to enable them, in the matter of framing to successfully break away from the conventionality that for so long has permitted no relief from the burden of glittering gilt. The old gold at least, that of the subdued and weathered quality regularly employed by Williamson, also, must commend itself to even the ultra-conservative, and though other more marked departures from the recognized traditions may not always result felicitously, they indicate a welcome forward movement along lines likely to lead to better things.

The principal work of Mr. Harris, one of the original Academicians, and for thirteen years the Academy President, is also on this wall. It is a portrait group of Mrs. J. K. L. Ross and her two young sons in a setting of open air and summer landscape that is unobtrusive in tone and color, and of a retiring quality, designed to relieve the figures without necessitating a resort to the very strong shadows of a normal studio light, and treated with a delicacy tending to preserve the refinement and grace that were evidently to the front in the artist's mind and intended to be a dominant note.

Mr. Hope's picture in this room, is one of the largest in the collection and is interesting on account of the technical method employed as well as for its artistic value. The artistic qualities speak for themselves, but the ways and means employed may not be so readily evident and are not so well illustrated elsewhere in the exhibition. A very coarsely and irregularly granular or pebbly surface, generally of a dark color is first worked out on the canvas. Over this the final colors are sometimes dragged in a dry, pasty state, so as to catch the pebbly humps without getting so much into the valleys, sometimes simply laid on over all in a more fluid state and sometimes a medium tone is washed over a lighter tone and then rubbed off so as to leave the lighter tone showing only on the little humps. In all cases, however, the effect is to get a play of projections of light points on a field of varying contrasts in tone with a similar result to what is sought in water-colors, through having a rough paper surface, and in the case of a light directed upon the picture in a plane nearly parallel to its surface so that it catches the little humps and casts shadows around them; the resulting vibrant atmospheric effect of this play of light and shade is very marked. A notable instance of a somewhat similar effect on a smooth surface was obtained by Paul Baudry in his painting of the interior of the dome of the Grand Opera House in Paris. Spots of a light blue were painted on a dark blue ground and the effect of the mingling of the light and dark rays on the way down from the great height was that of an unbroken blue of medium tone that was simply dancing with light.

It is pleasant to find on the walls examples of the work of men whose contributions have been features of the exhibitions throughout the twenty-eight years of the Academy's existence. T. Mower Martin and M. Matthews, both associated with the Academy since its foundation, are not led into the by-paths of the faddist but draw upon a store of knowledge gained by long experience and serious study. Mr. Martin, whose Rocky Mountain pictures are widely known, is prominently represented on this occasion by a large and characteristic treatment in water-color of a British Columbia landscape, and Mr. Matthews' contribution, also, "Evening Light on the Asulkan Glacier," is a very effective water-color, in which the eye is led up through a long stretch of beautifully transparent shadow in the valley and on the mountain sides to the sunlight touching the peaks at the top of the picture.

Water-colors are few in the present exhibition. There are only nineteen out of a total of 152 pictures. Mr. Gagen, Mr. Bell-Smith and Mr. St. Thomas Smith are all represented by strong examples of work in this medium. Unfortunately Mr. Smith's winter landscape is now absent, as a result of the fire.

Mr. Grier's portrait of Mr. Jas. Smith, recently presented in these columns, bears strong evidence of being a *con amore* production, and represents the genial secretary's joy of life as overflowing with the spirit of:

"Grow old along with me,

The best is yet to be—

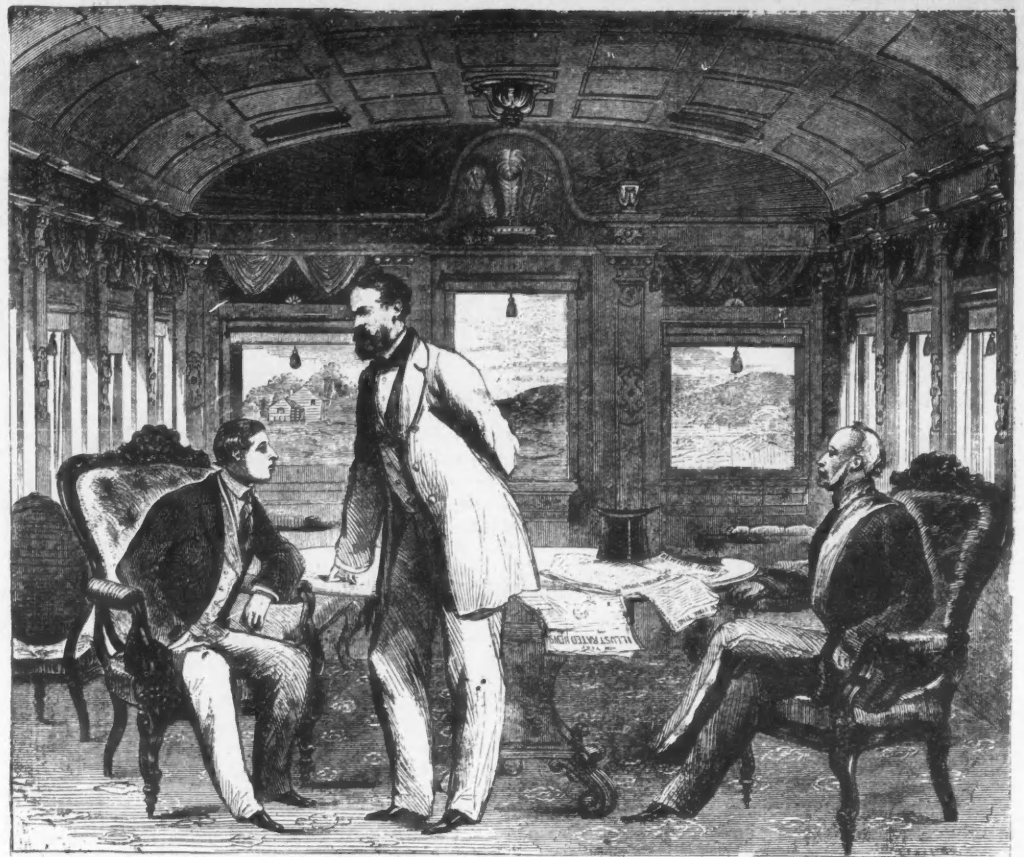
The last of life for which the first was made."

The larger portrait of the late Hon. Chief Justice Sir George Burton is somewhat similar in the main elements of its composition—the head as a main mass of light appearing in a carefully chosen position in the upper part of the space, and the hands, united by other irregular masses, forming a bar of secondary light toward the lower part. The head and face are painted with a skill and care that have succeeded in realizing many subtleties that would have been lost except to a very acute and well-disciplined power of perception, and the suggestion of life and health in the quality of the flesh is very strongly present.

On adjoining walls are Williamson's Dutch woman, "Klaasje," and one of his characteristic renderings of a strong, rugged type of masculinity, and a comparison of the methods by which the differences in type have been set forth is of considerable interest. Mr. Williamson's recent elevation to the rank of Academician is a well-deserved honor that he will wear worthily.

Occupying the most important position in the second room is a worthy example of the work of Mr. Knowles—a happy treatment of sunshine and shadow playing on the old houses of a street in Whitby, Yorkshire.

BRYMNER's very persuasive "Shades of Evening" seems almost to contain something akin to what a portrait-painter has in mind when he speaks of tactile quality. In contrast with their aspect in the lighter, drier daytime, in the subdued light of evening and with the moisture that becomes sensible in the cooling process, foliage things seem to take on in their surface textures more of



When King Edward Made His Canadian Tour

The above picture was published in 1860 in The Illustrated News of New York. It shows the then Prince of Wales, the Duke of Newcastle and General Williams, in the car specially built for the Royal party by the G. T. R. The picture was from a plate by George E. Bell, Toronto.

a feeling of life. Leaves and grass seem suffused with a sort of flesh quality. One feels that there is life present, though it is not set forth in any movement. And though it might be difficult to demonstrate in just what way this feeling of a pulse of life is imparted to this particular "Shades of Evening," one feels, or at any rate easily imagines its presence. In the matter of composition one might feel tempted to subdue the large patch of light in the lower left corner—perhaps by carrying the broken foliage of the smaller tree farther across the space—so as to give this light mass somewhat less attractive force; but in a picture so exquisite in every respect one cannot make even so mild a suggestion without coupling an apology with it.

Translated into literature a picture of this kind would probably become an ode. Another fine example of what in the painter's art seems to correspond to poetry in literature is A. D. Patterson's beautiful portrait of his mother, that at once recalls the sentiment of Cowper's lines.

Still others are Homer Watson's epic landscape, suggestive of the "poluphosphorous" lines of an earlier Homer, Atkinson's "Early Morning," Morris' "Cap Tourmente," Mrs. Knowles' "Nocturne," that well warrants her recent election to the rank of Associate; Miss Beatrice Hagarty's lyric, "Curtsey"; Arch. Browne's "Nightfall," Cullen's winter as "Made in Canada," and always Mrs. Reid's contributions.

There are several examples of sentiment run to seed, but in the above there seems to be some measure of the genuine poetic quality.

There is a large array of work from the East, comprising among other things Cullen's exceptionally fine winter landscapes, and "Brittany Washerwomen"; Clapp's sunny impression of Spain, that was awarded the prize as the best oil in the recent exhibition of the Art Association of Montreal; Dyonnet's beautifully toned study of a guitar player, treated largely in rich and resonant browns; Miss Boulton's wonderfully fluent treatment of "The Chess Player," Clarence Gagnon's "Japanese Fantasy," and "Rosaire's Sugar Bush," with fine direct brush work, in which every stroke does duty in telling something or producing effect—probably the happiest example in the exhibition of technical competency in adapting means to end.

A NOTEWORTHY feature of the collection is an absence of the hazy and generally out-of-focus treatments that seem to attempt by a mystification of the spectator to do duty in representing what is intended to be mystery in some natural effects. The absence of work of this kind is the more noticeable on account of the presence of many fine examples illustrating that the real mystery that holds in normal evening and morning effects in our atmosphere is obtained legitimately in a quite different way—by a very subtle, but very definite differentiation of the colors, and of the lightness and darkness of things as happily exemplified in Brymner's evening effect.

IN connection with the evening display of the collection it is interesting to note the disarrangement of the line of electric lights. This is evidently the result of an effort to arrive at a proper adjustment of the individual lights to the particular pictures upon which they bear, and marks an advance along lines the importance of which cannot easily be overestimated.

The satisfactory character of the artificial lighting seems to suggest that more use might be made of it. There must be many institutions the members of which find it inconvenient to spare the daytime, but who might with pleasure and profit forego here for an evening, either with the social element as the main feature and the pictures as a stimulus to the flow of soul, or with the pictures as the main feature and the other as incidental. It seems also as if some evenings should be definitely announced upon which the exhibition is open to the general public. May it be suggested that the authorities of an art association of this kind might not unreasonably regard it a part of their mission, as exponents of the gospel of aestheticism, to make their ministrations as readily accessible as possible to the Philistines among whom their tent is pitched?

Recollections of de Pachmann.

THE current issue of Cassell's Magazine contains an article of much interest by John Francis Barnett, entitled, "Recollections of Famous Pianists." He speaks of the great pianists who made sensations in London a score of years ago, more or less. Of de Pachmann, the eccentric but marvellous performer, who delighted To-

ronto music-lovers at the recent recital given in Massey Hall by the Toronto Conservatory Orchestra, the writer says:

I think after Rubinstein, the next great draw in the way of pianoforte recitals was the series given by another Russian, Vladimir de Pachmann. I saw much of the great Chopin pianist whilst he was in London, as he lodged close to me. He told me that after he left the Conservatorium of Odessa he decided upon deferring his appearance in public until he was thoroughly satisfied with his playing. He spent no fewer than five years studying by himself before he felt he had quite reached the standard he had set before him.

Pachmann, indeed, possesses the faculty of self-criticism to a remarkable extent. If he approves of what he does, he tells you so, quite innocently. Thus, one morning, after playing some passage most charmingly, he turned to me and said, "Welche Virtuosität!" which was certainly high praise. On the other hand, he does not spare himself if he considers that he has not done well. At a recital he gave at Southsea, I was told, that after he had finished a piece and the audience were applauding him, much to their surprise, he got up from the piano and stopped them, saying: "You must not applaud me—I played very badly."

An amusing incident that occurred at one of his earlier recitals in London comes to my memory. Pachmann, as we know, has a habit of nodding his head in time with the rhythm of the piece he is performing. I observed on this occasion, as did several persons round about me, that there was an old lady sitting in the orchestra quite near the piano, who was enjoying the music so much that she was nodding her head to the commencement of every beat in the music. The result was, when Pachmann turned around with his face towards the orchestra and indulged in the habit I have quoted, his head nodded perfectly in time with that of the old lady close to him. The effect was just like that of two porcelain mandarins placed opposite to one another whose heads had been set in motion. Some young girls sitting in the front of me were so intensely amused that they were laughing quite audibly. I almost forgave them, for the situation was too comical for words.

It is really wonderful how Pachmann can play the most difficult passages without ever looking at the keys, for his head is nearly always turned in a sympathetic manner towards the audience. I feel sure that few pianists could imitate him in this respect with success.

For Bryan and a Hair Cut.

THERE is a man out in Missouri, Thomas Benton Robertson, who is anxiously awaiting the results of the coming Presidential nominations and election. He has not had his hair cut since Bryan was defeated in 1896. As he is by no means a freak or a recluse by nature, his Samsonesque appearance has now lost its novelty. Twice has he lived in hope of being allowed to climb into a barber's chair, only to have his hopes shattered by Bryan's defeat. The New York Sun gives the history of the queer situation as follows:

When Mr. Robertson read Bryan's "cross of gold" speech that stamped the Democratic convention in Chicago in 1896 he threw his hat in the air and shouted "Glory!" His cousin, Charles Winfield, of Quincy, Ill., suggested that there might be a slip between the cup and the Nebraskan's lips.

"Don't you believe it," said Robertson. "That man's going to be President. I am so sure of it that I will agree here and now never again to shave or cut my hair until he or some other Democrat is President."

"Pshaw!" said Winfield, "you're only talking, but I'll tell you what I'll do. If you keep that pledge I'll give you \$200 the day a Democrat is elected and will deposit \$100 to your credit at Quincy."

Robertson was only fifty-six then and was tall and a fine-looking man. He was more than ordinarily careful about his personal appearance, and Winfield didn't think he would run the risk of becoming a freak.

But the Bryan admirer accepted the challenge, and has faithfully kept his compact through all the defeats of the "inspired son." He hopes Bryan may be elected this fall, but he looks rather wistful when he discusses his chances.

"If you get this story up right, and don't stretch it too bad," said Mr. Robertson to his interviewer, "I'm going to send Mr. Bryan a copy of the paper and ask him if it isn't about time I cut my hair. I'm going to put it directly up to him."

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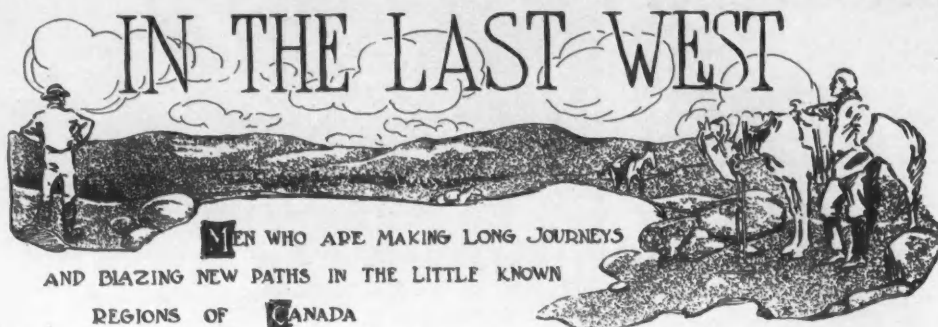
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TOO many newspapers published in rising western towns overlook giving the sort of information that is of most interest to outsiders—and it is through the interest of outsiders that most of these places must, in a large degree, expect to grow and flourish. A paper in a mining town, or any town with special frontier advantages to exploit, can not do better local missionary work than to publish and keep on publishing the plain and simple facts concerning the place, how life is lived there, and how newcomers may expect to make money. The Empire, published at Prince Rupert by Mr. John Houston, is doing valuable service in this direction. Mr. Houston is not publishing a paper that gives only the trifling local gossip of a frontier village. He keeps in mind that his sheet is printed at the Pacific terminal and port of a great transcontinental railway, and that where a village is to-day an important city will shortly arise. So The Empire regularly publishes the sort of detailed information about Prince Rupert that people all through the West and East want to know. It does not indulge in fairy tales about what is going to be done there, but gives all the facts regarding the climate, the soil, the weather, the harbor, chances for getting employment, opportunities for business, etc. Such information is reprinted in many newspapers all over the country, and is read with interest. Some of it has appeared at various times on this page.

From a recent issue of The Empire we learn that the townsites have not been surveyed into blocks and lots; but under the agreement between the Province and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company, the survey and subdivision into lots is to be completed on or before September next. As there are no lots, there can be no prices, and no person at Prince Rupert can give information respecting either the prices at which lots will be offered or terms of payment.

There will be very little work at Prince Rupert for skilled mechanics of any kind, says The Empire, until lots in the townsites are sold; and until business buildings are erected there can be no employment for clerks, bookkeepers, stenographers, and the general run of office help. The same will hold good respecting help for hotels and restaurants. Once grading is commenced on the G. T. P. at Prince Rupert, there will be work for men who know how to use a pick and shovel, an axe, and a hammer and drill. The right-of-way of the first 100 miles east from Prince Rupert is to be cleared, and much of the grading will be rock work.

Prince Rupert is reached from Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle by steamships, running direct from these ports, that make the run in from two to three days. The fare from Vancouver and Victoria is \$18 and from Seattle \$20.

A NUMBER of Victoria, B. C., men are preparing for a novel trip—a sporting cruise—to Behring Sea. They have purchased a whaler and are having her fitted up for the purpose. They intend proceeding along the shores of Siberia, into the Arctic and thence to the vicinity of the mouth of the Mackenzie river on the Arctic shores of the Dominion. The idea is to open up for sportsmen with means at their disposal—many of whom have in the past made Victoria their outfitting point—entirely new pastures for the search of big game.

The vessel in which the trip will be made is a staunch craft of between 400 and 500 tons register. She will be equipped for whaling, and an experienced shipmaster will be engaged. A complement of sportsmen will be given the opportunity of taking passage on the vessel for the cruise. The opportunities given to hunters of big game who wish to penetrate into new fields will be great. The idea, as at present outlined, is to go to Kadiak, where the great black bears, which have been sought after by all big game hunters, abound. Then, too, there are trophies to be secured on the Siberian coast line, and on the Arctic islands to be visited the sportsmen will have an op-

portunity to shoot polar bears. Excellent wild fowl shooting is also to be had. On the Alaskan islands and coast line there are moose and deer to be had; great herds of caribou are to be encountered near the Mackenzie river.

The sportsmen who take advantage of the trip, which is expected to be made an annual affair, will also be given the opportunity to watch the capture of a whale, and participate therein if they desire. The opportunities given will be certainly unique for big game hunters, and it is expected that no difficulty will be found in getting a full complement to make this trip, which, with the arrangements in view, can be taken with every degree of comfort.

THE newspapers of Edmonton report a lecture given before the Canadian Club of that city, last week, by Major Swinford, and comment upon it as being one of exceptional interest. Major Swinford is general agent of the Northern Pacific railway at Winnipeg, and a pioneer of western Canada of over a quarter of a century. Though yet only a man of middle age Major Swinford took a prominent part in both Riel rebellions, and in that of 1885 was chief transport officer of General Middleton. His excellent work in charge of the commissariat department was referred to by several of the speakers. F. T. Fisher remarking that during the 100 days' campaign in which he took part not a meal was missed—an almost unparalleled record in a campaign covering such a large territory.

Major Swinford first outlined the early development of the country, and then went into the question of transportation from the earliest methods up to those of the present day. From Fort William to the Rocky Mountains all transportation for many years was by means of canoes along the waterways. The portages along the journey were many and the difficulties of the trip were great.

For many years nothing but the York boats, first used at Fort York, were adaptable to these waterways and the men who took charge became great experts and commanded big wages.

The Red River carts marked further development and were the means of transport for a long time. The longest trip by these was from Fort Garry to Edmonton, a journey taking about three months. A humorous description was given of this vehicle and of the discordant sounds that proceeded from the primitive conveyance.

The prairie schooner followed. A covered wagon known by this name was the only means that the settler had for many years of reaching his homestead in the interior. In the winter the dog train was the favorite mode of travel and it is still used in going to the posts on the Hudson's Bay.

As the traffic grew, river navigation by steamers was adopted and continued till the C. P. R. was built.

The Selkirk settlers, the first of which reached Fort Garry in 1812, came in for a passing reference. Their hardships were many and trying, but they opened up the country for those who came after. The transformation from the York boats and Red River carts to the present systems of railway has been a marvellous one and indicates the wonderful changes that have taken place in the past few years.

THE Commissioner at Dawson has issued a proclamation declaring no moose, caribou, mountain sheep or other such large game shall be killed in the Yukon territory except by miners, prospectors and Indians for their own use until further notice. The commissioner explained this action as follows:

"The complaint has been made to Maj. Wood and to myself from several sources that many caribou, mountain sheep and moose have been killed in the Territory, particularly near White Horse, by head hunters. It is desired that the head hunters be discouraged. Last year, we are informed, they entered the Territory and slaughtered much large game, especially mountain sheep, and left the carcasses to rot, while they took only the heads, sometimes not taking even

the heads until they found good specimens.

"Prospectors and operators have looked to the caribou, the moose and the sheep as sources of meat supply, especially when remote from the markets where beef is sold. We have received letters complaining of the wanton killing for nothing more than the mere sake of getting something which will be the fancy of some fadist to hang on the walls of his home."

"Convinced of the force of the argument, the Major and I thought it best to put the matter up to the Yukon council for adjustment at its next session. In the meantime, I have issued a proclamation, as I am authorized to do, which is designed more as a warning that the head hunters need not come to Yukon this year. In all probability the law will be so amended that no one will be allowed to kill game for any other purpose than food. It has been suggested that the man desiring a head for a trophy shall give a certificate to the authorities after he has killed the animal that he has used or sold the meat to someone else for food."

"Game which has been killed during the legal period this winter and is on the way to market will not be prohibited from sale at any time during the year. In fact the closed season began March 1, and ends September 1."

"By the first of next September we no doubt will have the game law amended and will have all interests protected. Game killed before the first of April, whether now in market or not, will be allowed to be sold."

THE Board of Trade, Prince Albert, is taking steps to have the country north of that town prospected. Travel through the large region north of Prince Albert has only been possible by the waterways in summer and by dog sleighs in winter. Little is known of the country back from the rivers, although from time to time samples of gold, silver quartz, copper, coal and mica have been taken to Prince Albert by people who have had occasion to go north. It is stated that the country north of the Churchill river is of the same formation as the northern part of Ontario. Last year Alex. McDonald and Horace Halcro, who had charge of the Hudson's Bay Co.'s post at Lac la Rouge, 300 miles north of Prince Albert, staked out several claims. They sent samples of the ore from their claims away to be analyzed, and the report must have been satisfactory as they resigned from the company's service and are outfitting to work their claims. F. Bedard, an old prospector from Northern Ontario, will leave about the middle of June with a party to prospect in the Lac la Rouge district. J. H. Sanderson, the millionaire lumberman of Vancouver, formerly of Prince Albert, is backing the enterprise.

The Prince Albert Board of Trade is taking the question up and an expedition will be organized to explore during the summer.

THE other day a well-known northern trader, named John M. Swiggart, while in Edmonton for a few days, was interviewed by the local papers, and talked interestingly about the prospects of the north country. Speaking of Great Slave Lake and district, Mr. Swiggart expressed the utmost confidence in the future of that part of the north, particularly in its mineral prospects. Lead and copper and other minerals were abundant and all the country needed, he said, was transportation facilities to make it one of the richest propositions on the map.

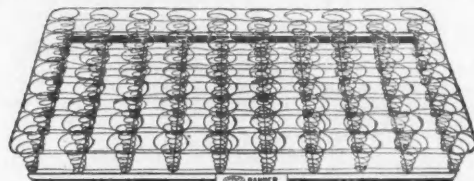
One of the most interesting things Mr. Swiggart had to say was in connection with the herd of buffalo still living wild in the north. Mr. Swiggart said there were supposed to be 600 of these buffalo in a herd in the vicinity of Fort Smith. They are protected by the Canadian government.

Mr. Swiggart confirmed the report that these animals are dying off. "I am credibly informed," he said, "that, although protected, these buffalo do not increase, and the reason given is the destruction of the calves by wolves."

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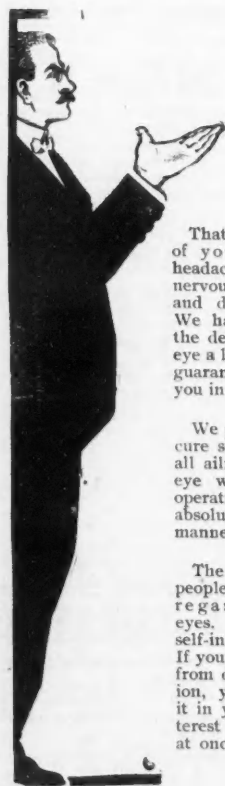
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Column**

A GENTLE smile, a chuckle, a pause, a ripple of laughter, a quiet, gestureless delivery, easy suppleness of motion, absolute deliberation, a watchful eye for a point made, and a trick of playing the same suit over long, such was Elbert Hubbard, as he talked in gentle accents to the brightest crowd that ever assembled in Conservatory Hall last Monday night. So skillfully does he pipe the tune they like that everyone gives signs of Terpsichorean leanings. If there is no response such as inspires the speaker with certainty of being appreciated and understood, he deftly sheers off and tries another lead; some one applauds, he smiles, and goes on with the popular tune. And behind it all, one feels the keen sight, the listening ear, the ready adaptation, the one had almost said—insincerity of the speaker. For Elbert Hubbard lacks the power to impress deeply, to convince strongly. There were suffragettes in the audience, and at the first word in favor of them, quick patter of feminine palms responded. Hubbard worked that horse hard, every now and then recurring to the equal rights with a smile that became almost a smirk as it repeated itself. He may believe in woman suffrage. I have no doubt! We laughed at old stories, jokes, quaint conceits, and objected to the glorifying of James Hill and the cheapening of Pierpont Morgan. And after the lecture we began to get into coats and wraps, and shook hands with the lecturer, who had amused us with small talk, and skirted round some big questions, in a sort of acknowledgment that we'd enjoyed his smiles and quips and slow gentle words. But as soon as we had lost sight of the mobile face and the easy quick-moving figure, we found ourselves wondering what it had all been about, and echo answered, "I don't know." There is a foreign touch in Elbert Hubbard's voice, though he was born in Illinois; if we were interested enough we'd find out his extraction, but we aren't; in fact, the man hasn't convinced or convicted us, but only given us a little laugh, a little diversion and a sense of want. If Elbert Hubbard had talked to us as a perfect stranger (but of course he didn't, we've read him so long, and liked to read him), if we hadn't expected a lot, we'd have been better satisfied two hours after the lecture was over.

He had his gentle jibe at the College and its finished product; he even gave Mary McLean, of Butte, Montana, a poke about "finishing" her education in Boston; he gazed the doctor, and he took a sly joke out of the Christian Scientist; he had a bit of fun with our dearest superstition, the finding of a horseshoe for good luck, and he made us see a very pleasant sight when his mother drove the physician-father far from her brood, and wrapping the ailing ones in warm blankets, and filling them with gentle home made remedies, prophesied in comforting, reassuring tones, "You just go to sleep now, and you'll be all right in the morning." One might easily believe that Mother Hubbard's smile and eye twinkle were the model upon which her son formed his, even when the joke is on himself.

One of the suffragettes at the lecture told me that I sometimes wrote very good woman's rights stuff. A letter sent me on the turning point of that wonderful book, "Somehow Good," has made me consider one of woman's rights which never before presented itself for reflection. "Has a woman, as well as a man, a right to keep some part of her life, experience, sorrow, or wrong-doing a secret from the person she is going to marry?" "What," asked a woman in my hearing, of a man to whom I shouldn't have dared to put the question, "do you think of the Silence of Dean Maitland?" that being the title of one of the strong books of that year. The man hesitated just long enough to confirm my opinion of her rashness, and then said, a bit quizzically and a bit harshly, "I think it's a great pity he didn't stick to it!" There is a type of woman so sporty and courageous and so in dread of future chances that sooner than marry a man without making a confession of any hidden indiscretion or wrong, would risk losing him, and make it. I know of two or three women who have dared to do this. I know of others who have not dared, who have judged it better to forget and lose the past and concentrate on the present. It hasn't perhaps been so much a matter of principle as of tempera-

ment and I have some difficulty in deciding which chose the more difficult course. By why shouldn't the secretive one have the right to her secret, and be considered to have fulfilled her part of the contract if her mind be an open book and her ways of immaculate quality from the time she contracts matrimony? I don't pretend that the question interests me a bit more than the question of the franchise, but by all means let us have equality and fairness in the one, as well as in the other. Neither Algernon nor Angelina, if they are nice minded, will suspect anything not quite correct in each other's lives up to date. So let what is sauce for the gander, since Adam was a boy, be sauce for the goose also.

Perhaps there is nothing so past praying for as the weather we have seen and heard of during the last month. However it has the ameliorative quality of having been worse elsewhere. Fancy Browning turning in his tomb if he knew how insulted, ridiculed and rendered foolish his sweet homesick cry, "Oh! to be in England, now that April's here," has been made by the descent of several feet of snow in the twenties of that sprightly and uncertain month! Last week closed in England with a blizzard, a tie-up of rail traffic, a shroud for many a blowing garden of spring flowers, and a winding sheet for thousands of baby lambs, born afield in such untimely weather. Poor England! she's getting it worse than we are, and goodness knows our spring has been as backward as we can stand. The poets, too, have apparently all got la grippe, or some other visitation of Providence, which keeps them quiet.

"Why don't you go for the women who make up their faces?" is the snort of a cranky person, at the end of a cranky letter, finding fault with a whole lot of things. I have peculiar notions of the lady who dallies with the rouge when its red, and dabs on the face wash when it is white-washy, and tips the lip-salve pot and does eyebrow-etching with the India ink crayon, and keeps artificial sunshine for her hair, and drops things out of bottles in her eyes. One notion is that she must be a very amiable and patient person to take so much trouble to look nice. Another is that it is so pitiful that, after all, she doesn't succeed! Just fancy the heroism of a lady who is really bound not to smile, for the exact reason given by a gamin in my hearing yesterday, who remarked that, "Liz warn't cross, but if she smiled she'd crack her face"—this highly-flavored sarcasm bringing Liz on him like a young tornado, and ending in his ruin as a perpendicular. Whenever I see the lady (generally one's vision of her is mercifully clouded by one or more but if she smiled she'd crack her face" brightened her eyes, and smiles with a caution amply justified, my heart goes out to her in pity, for it's pitiful and nothing else. Cranky persons may abuse her, grundy's may role up the eye of condemnation, but for me, I appreciate her amiable motive, and try not to look at her.



The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosure unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

P. A. N.—Cheer up, don't let us have those long dragging finals, with that hook at the end to show that you will be miserable and no one shall prevent you. When one lives alone as you and I do, to get out into cheery sunshine, bright company, merry doings and the clash of life makes our solitude of its true value. You have too modest an opinion of yourself, for you are under a fine sign, Leo, and as you surmise you are governed by the sun. Leo is the August sign, the element is fire, and the power it can develop and the good work it can do is only equalled by the uselessness and viciousness to which it can fall. Therefore brace up, my Leo lady, and enjoy your own beautiful and strong development. You have not the procrastinating mind, for your thought is well forward and bright and your sequence of ideas is fairly good. Sometimes, though, you let yourself be diverted unduly, and the thought or the project is fruitless. You may have ambition, you are sensitive about your proposition and

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about appearances generally, a bit of influence from the July sign, Cancer, still hangs over you. On the whole, your writing is attractive, tactful, strong and generous.

Harrietta L.—I have already delineated two studies this week which bear a strong resemblance to yours. Will you look over the double delineation at the head of this column? You are neither as reticent nor as advanced as they, and lack their lightness of disposition. Many happy returns of your birthday, which is, I see, on that date dear to every Englishman, St. George's day. It brings you on the cusp of Aries and Taurus, and fire and earth may bring forth a great harvest. At present you are growing and not fully developed.

Sunset—"Dear friend" is all right, when backed by such a hand as yours. Are you telegraph, editorial or just plain hustler? I have never stormed your city, and something tells me I should not find it inspiring. But it develops a type of man of whom Canada is very proud. As for its women, one hears many tales. There is great force and continuity in your study—the habit of holding on to a thought even under interruption and distraction. It is not the hand of an optimist or one likely to build castles in the air. The will is firm and constant, the method frank but never forgetful of self interest, the mind individual and original in conclusions and manner of arriving thereat. The small gentleness and graces of character are lost in the push and force of a naturally robust and sometimes impatient nature, fond of life and all its indulgences and never averse to occupying a front seat. There is some love of literature, appreciation of books and tendency to attach much importance to the printed word. The writer would be a hearty friend, a rough foe and would have an excellent memory of all obligations in either capacity. A good memory is one of your strong points, with a taste for strong effect and a crude, but convincing way of argument. It is the hand of one who has made good in the material plane. How about the other? I have just turned over your letter and found the fourth page which, owing to your peculiar paging, I didn't before look for. Dec. 1 is Sagittarius pure and simple. Direct, priding himself upon keeping on his way, despite opposition or the convenience of others, a strong, fire sign, tenacious, opinionated, critical and unlikely to yield; your sign and your writing have no disputations. My best regards to the wife who differs. I fancy I should agree with her. But you're a good sort all the same, Sunset.

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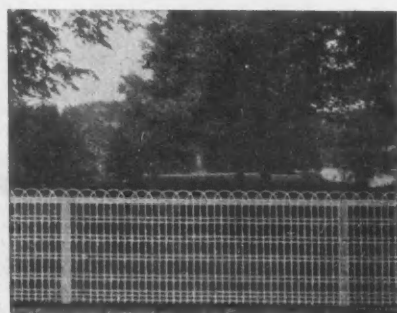
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T H E D R A M A

"THE Man of the Hour," Mr. Broadhurst's drama, which concerns a fight for power between two American political bosses, will be played at the Princess Theatre next week. It is described as being "American to the core," and as "reflecting a phase of United States life so essentially national that there is not a community in the Republic that has not accepted it as a picture of local conditions."

Mrs. Harriet O. Dellenbaugh, an American woman, who has made a study of political questions and woman's rights, is of the opinion that in "The Man of the Hour" may be found an argument against female suffrage. "Politics to an average woman," says she, "suggests tire-

will present at the Royal Alexandra Theatre next week, has a charm and individuality of its own which place it at the very forefront of musical comedy productions. Its story is that of three pretty daughters of an English clergyman, who are taken up by Lady St. Mallory, a woman of fashion, and installed as waitresses in her tea-shop in Bond street, London. They have meanwhile awakened a warm interest in the respective addresses of Lord "Daisy" Cheyne, Mons. de L'Orme, of the French embassy, and Brian Molyneux, a young commoner. The young gentlemen fail to recognize their country acquaintances in their tea-shop gowns and the usual complications ensue, which are of course straightened out at the ball which forms the last act. The scenic settings show the golf links at Market Mallory, the tea-room in Bond street and Lady St. Mallory's ball-room.

The entire production is under the direction of Messrs. Douglas A. Paterson and Robert Stuart Pigott, with Dr. Fred Nicolai as conductor of the orchestra, which will be augmented to double the usual number. Both Mr. Paterson and Mr. Pigott will appear in leading roles, while the parts of the "Three Little Maids" will be played by Miss Lily Lorrell, Miss Nellie May Stewart and Miss Bessie Hunter. The company numbers fifty, and among the well known local people in the support will be: Mr. Morgan Williams, formerly with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company; Miss Brenda Smellie, Mr. H. E. Hitchman, Mr. J. C. Grieg, Miss Bertha Hewson, Miss Jeanette Glass, Miss Edna McAnish, Miss Maud Dunstan, and Miss Laura Hughes.

The performances, of which there will be three, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week, are under Vice-regal patronage. His Excellency, Earl Grey, will be present at the first performance, if his engagements permit. His Honor Lieut. Governor Mortimer Clark and party will occupy a box, and many distinguished people will grace the occasion with their presence.



Harriett Ross
With the "Man of the Hour," coming to the Princess Theatre next week.

some talk about things which she considers she has no part in and which she feels are beyond the sphere of her influence. I think it is quite remarkable, therefore, how cleverly Mr. Broadhurst, in "The Man of the Hour," has contrived to handle what is essentially a theme of masculine interest. The play emphasizes how essentially feminine is a woman's attitude toward politics, and how readily she is swayed by the emotions. Now take the two rival bosses for instance. They are both powerful, forceful, dominating men, natural leaders of men through different methods. One is big, bullying, dominating, rough of speech. The other is sly, suave, witty and with a naturally generous impulse. But they are both tarred with the same brush. Alderman Phelan frankly confesses that he has been a grafter. His fight against the graft bill is influenced by his personal and political hatred of Horrigan, who is scheming for it.

"Now here is the inconsistency of women. They hate Horrigan who is at least a brave fighter and a good loser. But they laugh at and applaud Phelan because of his magnetic personality and his liberality to the poor. Yet morally there is very little in these men to choose between. Women as a rule lack the analytical and judicial faculties. They are swayed by impulse. That is why they should have no active part in the game of politics. But their influence upon the men who do play it can exert tremendous good."

"And it is the skillful way in which Mr. Broadhurst has brought this out that adds so much to the charm and popularity of 'The Man of the Hour.' The young idler would never have got out and hustled and become mayor if not spurred on by the demand of the girl that he should prove himself of some real use in the world."

"Three Little Maids," the musical play which the Toronto Press Club

Manager Shea promises a big bill of feature acts for next week, at the popular Yonge street vaudeville resort. Among the good things to be seen will be Joe Hart's Crickets, one of the most elaborate girl acts in vaudeville; Tate's great English company in "Motoring"; Mr. and Mrs. Allison, Dillon Brothers, The Kratons, Cartnell and Harris, Work and Ower, and the kinetograph are the other acts on the bill.

Bob Manchester's performance, "Cracker Jacks," comes to the Gayety Theatre on Monday next. This is said to be one of the liveliest and brightest burlesque shows on the road. The company consists of thirty-five people, introducing comedians, specialties, and a lot of good-looking girls. Bob Van Austin heads the list of funny men, and Ruby Leoni the female contingent. The usual chorus girl contest will take place on Thursday night, and the amateurs will appear on Friday. Daily matinees will be given, to which the ladies will be admitted for ten cents.

The fine production of Ibsen's tragedy, "Rosmersholm," given by Mrs. Fiske and the carefully chosen company of highly intelligent players supporting her, at the Royal Alexandra this week, is a rare intellectual treat for discriminating devotees of the drama. The average theatre-goer, however, finds the play depressingly sombre, almost horrible, even when greatly presented, and the audiences during this engagement—one of the really notable engagements of the season here—have been quite small.

"Rosmersholm" is rather remarkable in this respect. The characters, individually, are entirely life-like. Detach any one of them, examine into his or her personality and problems, and there stands out a real flesh-and-blood type familiar to the most casual student of the book of

life. But Ibsen has entangled them in a web of circumstances, the denouement of which, to the average normal mind, must seem improbable, even fantastic. John Rosmer, helplessly, hopelessly puzzling over his ideals; Rebecca West, adroit, designing, a human vessel strangely marred by the Potter's hand, yet not all unlovely; Kroll, the uncompromising, tyrannical clergyman; Ulric Brendel, whose dreams are enviable but whose life is pitiable; Peter Mortenagard, the radical editor, cunning, vain, and under-bred—these types are all easily recognizable. But where, in real life, asks your average man, are the Rosmer and Rebecca who would, under the circumstances of the play, throw themselves, singly or together, into a mill-race to drown?

Is a playwright really great who fails to convince at the point of probability? This is a question the Ibsen admirer may ask himself, and also this: Is a dramatist really great whose work, worthily presented, fails to influence a great majority of intelligent people who go to the theatre?

Mrs. Fiske, as Rebecca West, does a wonderfully fine piece of acting. She does not speak clearly at all times, and more than a few actresses have better voices, but her personality and her art are so compelling that the dullest, most phlegmatic listener cannot fail to be moved when, sitting quietly and speaking in level

and Montgomery—that's the way the firm name ought to read, except for a concession to euphony—have the ability to make people laugh at anything they may say or do.

Mr. Stone is the big push of the show; he is a boneless chap, and his gifts as a contortionist make up a large part of his equipment as a comedian. Mr. Montgomery acts as a very successful foil for his partner in doing his remarkable stunts. They appear as two young Americans stranded in a small town in Holland, and assume various disguises, such as a pair of organ grinders and as Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson, in order to escape. The other characters are Dutch, and a pleasing feature is the introduction of a number of well-trained children in Dutch togs. There are a number of songs other than those sung by the principals, but the chorus has not much to do.

It is easy to understand the popularity of "The Red Mill"—it goes with such a dash and swing all the way through.

The Royal Alexandra English Players concluded their engagement in Toronto last Saturday night and are now touring a number of Ontario cities, including Hamilton, St. Thomas and London. At their last performance at the Alexandra they were given an enthusiastic and quite affectionate farewell by the large audience present, and Mr. Ernest Stallard, the popular comedian, on behalf of the company, said a word of good-bye and acknowledged the manifestations of approval given



Mr. Douglas A. Paterson

Who plays the leading comedy role and directs the stage in "Three Little Maids," the Toronto Press Club production at the Royal Alexandra next week.

tones, she invokes the real spirit of tragedy. She is one of the few women on the stage who can.

Fuller Mellish, a thoroughly good actor, is very effective as Kroll, although in the matter of speech, he introduces mannerisms that come near sometimes to suggesting caricature. Albert Bruning, as Montenagard, is altogether convincing and life-like; his performance is remarkable and worthy of all praise. George Arliss is delightful in his portrayal of the role of Ulric Brendel, and Mary Madern, as the old housekeeper, invests a small part with distinction and charm.

"The Red Mill," in which that agile and irrepressible pair, Montgomery and Stone, are appearing at the Princess this week, is a great success. It made a tremendous hit in New York, and it has made a great hit here. In fact anyone who arose to remark that this musical comedy is after all rather common and pretty much on a par with the sort of entertainment served up by George M. Cohan—anyone who said such things would be crushed by a great weight of public opinion. Here is a sample bit of dialogue from the piece: "Are you hungry?" inquires Mr. Montgomery. "Hungry?" retorts Mr. Stone. "I'm so hungry I could eat anything that didn't bite me first!" There are some who would cavil at such dialogue, even in musical comedy. But what's the use? For Stone

their work by the patrons of the house.

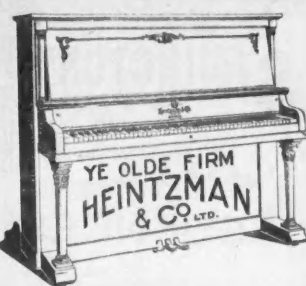
Toronto theatre-goers will wish the Royal Alexandra Players every success on their tour. The members of the company are all very capable, and whatever they attempt, under the able management of Mr. William Sauter, will be well done. Mr. Stallard and Mr. George M. Graham are especial favorites here. There is not a weak spot in the organization, however. Their work in Toronto was of a very high class, and in the cities they are now visiting theatre-goers will be given a genuine treat.

On August 19 Roselle Knott will sail from Vancouver, B. C., for Australia with her New York company to play "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," "Cousin Kate," and two new plays, throughout the antipodes. The tour will be under the personal direction of Frederic Shipman, who has made the contract with Ernest Shipman.

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Song Recital
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May 6th, 1908
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NEW COMPANY FORMED.
Two Big Firms Consolidate to Reduce Prices.

Toronto, April 30.—The Canadian Gazette, of April 25th, announces the incorporation of a company to be known as "Copeland-Chatterton-Crain, Limited," of Toronto, capitalized at one million dollars.

Enquiry at the office of The Copeland-Chatterton Co., here, elicits the information that the new concern has been formed by the consolidation of the interests and plant of that company and the Rolla L. Crain Co., of Ottawa.

In an interview this morning the management stated that the business would be personally conducted by Messrs. R. J. Copeland, A. E. Chatterton and Rolla L. Crain. When asked as to the object of the amalgamation, it was stated that such a course was found advisable, because by concentrating the work of the two firms and combining the plants, a very material reduction had been made possible in the selling price of the goods manufactured.

Your representative was assured that already some large reductions had been effected in certain lines, and that others would speedily follow. In this way the public will benefit greatly by the consolidation of the two companies.



THE Toronto String Quartette closed their season with a delightful concert on Tuesday evening in the Conservatory Music Hall. I have never heard them play better, either individually or in the ensemble, and the Dvorak Quartette Op. 96, with which they opened the programme, reminded one of the work of the leading chamber music clubs of the United States. Not only the leader, Mr. Frank Blachford, but Mr. Frank Smith, viola, and Dr. Nicolai produced a much more sympathetic tone from their instruments than usual, while the rendering was sympathetic and governed by unity of spirit. A charming number in its popular appeal was Saint-Saens Serenade, for piano, organ, violin and viola, in which the organ and piano were taken by Messrs G. D. Atkinson and Frank Welsman. Dr. Nicolai gave as his solo a finished performance of an Etude by Chopin. The vocalist was Mr. Dwight Cyril Edwards, of London, Ont., the possessor of a baritone voice of fine distinctive quality and a singer of special dramatic power, as was evidenced in his rendering of Schubert's "Erl-King," and other numbers. The accompanists were Mr. Bluthner, of London, and Mrs. Coward, both of whom showed themselves accomplished as such.

The Evening of Sacred Song in St. James' Square Presbyterian church, on Tuesday last, proved an enjoyable event. The choir, under the direction of Dr. T. Alexander Davies, gave an interesting selection of anthems by Maunders, Westbury, Woodman, Rossini, and Shelley. Mrs. Jury, although suffering from a severe cold, sang with engaging effect Millard's "Hear us Father," Gaul's "These are They," and the exacting "Inflammatus," of Rossini. Mr. H. A. Wheelton, Mus. Bac., F.R.C.O., contributed two charming organ numbers in his customary artistic style. The church quartette, consisting of Miss Hill, Miss Fisher, Mr. H. Roddis and Mr. Sherris, gave an effective interpretation of Reed's "Rock of Ages," and presented solo numbers with artistic ability. Dr. Davies accompanied on the organ with skill and judgment.

The choir of Centenary church, Hamilton, under the direction of Mr. W. H. Hewlett, Mus. Bac., gave a performance of Haydn's Passion Music on Good Friday. Next week they will illustrate the lecture of Sir Frederick Bridge on English Cathedral music.

The last of the series of organ recitals given by Mr. Wheelton in the Metropolitan church, was held last Saturday afternoon. These recitals have proved an important acquisition to the music life of Toronto, and Mr. Wheelton, with the splendid instrument at his disposal, has delighted large audiences. The programme at each recital has been chosen with great care, and has exhibited an almost inexhaustible repertoire, not a few of the numbers indeed, being from the pen of Mr. Wheelton. At each recital the organist has been assisted by one of the soloists of the church. At the last recital the programme included: Overture in E, by Morandi; Benediction Nuptiale E d'Evry; Theme Varié in E flat, Clausmann. Miss Crawford was the assisting soloist, and delighted her audience with the two songs, "Show me Thy Ways," by Torrence, and "O Day of Rest and Gladness," by Shelley.

Miss Mabel E. Stelle, one of the most gifted pianists that Mr. Frank S. Welsman has introduced to the musical public, gave a most interesting recital in the Conservatory Music Hall on Friday evening of last week.

Mr. David Ross, after a most successful season in London, in concert and opera, is returning to Toronto for the summer and will give a three months' course in voice production in the old Italian method.

A piano recital was given by the Misses Clara Duncan, Ida Attridge, Gladys Cooper and Emily Hughes, pupils of Mr. W. E. Fairclough, in the hall of the College of Music, last Monday evening.

Some pupils of Mr. W. E. Fairclough gave a recital in the Nordheimer Hall last Saturday afternoon. A programme of piano compositions by Schubert, Grieg, Liszt, Moszkowski, Meyer, Helmund, Nevin, Leschetizky and Von Wilm was well given by the Misses Sadie Heron, Mabel Long, Jessie and Ethel Milnes, Flora

Ough and Gertrude Park. Vocal assistance was given by Miss Nellie Jennion, who sang two songs by Denza and Battison Haynes.

Grieg's letters to Oscar Meyer, the song composer, printed recently in Musical Courier, present pleasing illustrations of the great Norwegian's genial traits, his devotion to art, his patient endurance of his cruel illness, and his sense of humor. They cover the period from May, 1904, to February, 1907, seven months before his death. On December 2, 1906, he wrote: "I often exclaim, with the prophet Elijah: 'It is enough!' You are perfectly right in being astonished that I still give concerts. The fact is, however, that I allow myself to be persuaded to do so; I have, unfortunately, not strength of character enough to refuse. To appear in public is, to me, the most hateful thing I can imagine. And yet—to hear my works excellently performed and in accordance with my own interpretation—this is a thing I cannot resist." He notes that the seats for his Berlin concert to be given April 12, 1907, were all sold two months in advance. He promises to make an effort to give the four concerts in Germany to which he had pledged himself, "But then there must be an end to all concert giving for me." On a previous occasion he referred to his being compelled by the state of his health to refuse all offers to conduct concerts.



Mme. Le Grand Reed
Whose song recital will be given in the Conservatory of Music Hall on May 6.

"The second half of one's life ought, in fact, not to exist. Nature has herein again made a stupid blunder." He expresses great dissatisfaction with the way some of his songs had been translated into English. The atmosphere of London did not please him: "I should never be able to compose anything there myself. Why should one not find musical folks there too? On a short visit one does not come across them. This is probably why I have found London so unmusical." In another letter: "Yes, yes, at your age it is ever, hurrah! vivat! etc. At my age we say: semper diminuendo. And I can tell you, that it is not easy to make a beautiful diminuendo. You will find this out yourself some day."

The following is the programme for Mrs. Le Grand Reed's recital, May 6: Les Regrets, from Le Tasse, Godard; Love's Springtide, Hammond; Elle et Moi, Beach; Ah Qui Brula D'Armour, Tchaikovsky; Love Has Wings, Rodgers; Retreat, Like a Rose Bud, The Butterfly, La Forge; cello, Walther's Prize Song, from the Meistersingers, Wagner; Air De Salome, from Herodiade, Massenet; Ah Love, But a Day, H. A. Beach; Love Caprices, Farjeon; (1) One Rose, (2) If I Should Come, Loving; A Spring Song, Gerard Barton; cello, Spanish Dance "Vito," Popper; Well, Faure; Petit Pied Rose, old French cradle song, M. V. White; II Neige, Benberg; Love Song, Staues, cello obligato, by request, Flegler.

One of the best compliments ever paid the United States by the Germans lies in their having accepted the work of an American, Alexander Thayer, as the standard biography of Beethoven. Thayer devoted most of the leisure hours of his long life to this task, yet he died (1897) before he had much more than half completed it. The third volume of his biography appeared in 1879; the fourth has just been issued by Breitkopf and Hartel, and the fifth is to follow next year. The whole work, however, is no longer Thayer's alone. The first volume has been issued, revised and brought up to date, and

the second and third are being edited now and may be expected within two years. The fourth and fifth volumes are largely the work of Hermann Deiters, who built on the foundations left by Thayer two volumes, which take cognizance of everything of value that Beethoven delivers have brought forth since Thayer's death. When completed, the Thayer-Deiters Beethoven will be a monumental work, to be classed with Spitta's "Bach," Jahn's "Mozart," Chrystander's "Handel," Pohl's "Haydn," Glasenapp's "Wagner," and Ramann's "Liszt." It should be added that Hugo Riemann has provided the new volume iv. with a preface, corrections, and additions, as well as an index.

Mr. E. W. Schuch has resumed tuition. His long experience as a teacher and conductor has made him peculiarly successful in preparing pupils for professional careers, and many of his students are now enjoying success in their chosen fields.

Queen Maud of Norway is taking a keen personal interest in the career of Miss Kathleen Parlow, the seventeen-year-old Canadian violinist who has created such a great sensation in Berlin, Vienna, Paris, St. Petersburg and Christiania.

Miss Parlow, who arrives in London next week, is now considering a tempting offer made by an American syndicate, who have suggested a tour of seventy concerts in North America at \$250 per concert, to be followed by a further fifty concerts in South America at the same figure, representing in all a sum of \$30,000.

Both King Haakon and Queen Maud have written to Miss Parlow's mother predicting that the girl violinist will create a sensation equal to that which she made on the Continent when she appears in London at the Queen's Hall on April 28. Their Majesties have given their patronage to the concert, and among others who have given their patronage or taken seats are Princess Christian, the Duchess of Norfolk, the Duchess of Rutland, the Duchess of Westminster, Lord Strathcona, Lord Desborough and Countess Bathurst.

Miss Parlow, as a mere child, was fortunate enough to come under the notice of Dr. Grosz, who was so impressed by her remarkable talent that he took her to St. Petersburg to see the great Professor Auer.

That was about five years ago, and the professor, who has never made any charge for his tuition, declared in Berlin recently that his young pupil was one of the greatest violinists of the last twenty-five years. Her triumphant Continental tour, which began in September last, terminated at Christiania, where Queen Maud, after hearing her play, presented to her a diamond pendant.

The people of Christiania were so enchanted with the talent of the young violinist that they subscribed £160 and bought her a Guarnerius violin which had belonged to Viotti.

—London Daily Mail.

CHEBURINO.

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THE ORGANIST OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY IS COMING TO CANADA.

Sir Frederick Bridge, the great organist from London, who plays in Westminster Abbey, is coming to Canada and will be heard in recital. It is to be expected that he will play one of the Bach Fugues, for those compositions are wonderful tests not only of technical achievement, but of musical temperament. There are a thousand organists who can play every note of those Fugues correctly, but only rarely can we find one who treats them as anything more than mere exercises in manual work and pedalling. Musical temperament does not necessarily dwell in every person who can play scales in double thirds. Often it is found in men and women whose knowledge of the technical side of music is only rudimentary. For such persons the Gourlay-Angelus is especially designed. The Angelus Piano-Player is a complete musical technique. It can produce the tones in an infinite gradation of volume. The music can be instantaneously quickened or retarded, and, therefore, phrasing, which is the soul of music and the test of temperament in the player is just as possible with the Angelus as with the expert pianist. This amazing player, by all odds the best on the market, as it was the first, has been secured by the firm of Gourlay, Winter & Leeming to install as an interior attachment of the Gourlay Piano, an instrument which leads the van of Canadian pianos.

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At a recent concert at Wellington Barracks, London, 110, many songs had been sung by the late Charles Gounod, and when Miss Violet Laidlaw, accompanied by the band of the Irish Guards, sang "When We're Together," the audience signified their approval in no uncertain manner the melody had captivated them. It is captivating London.
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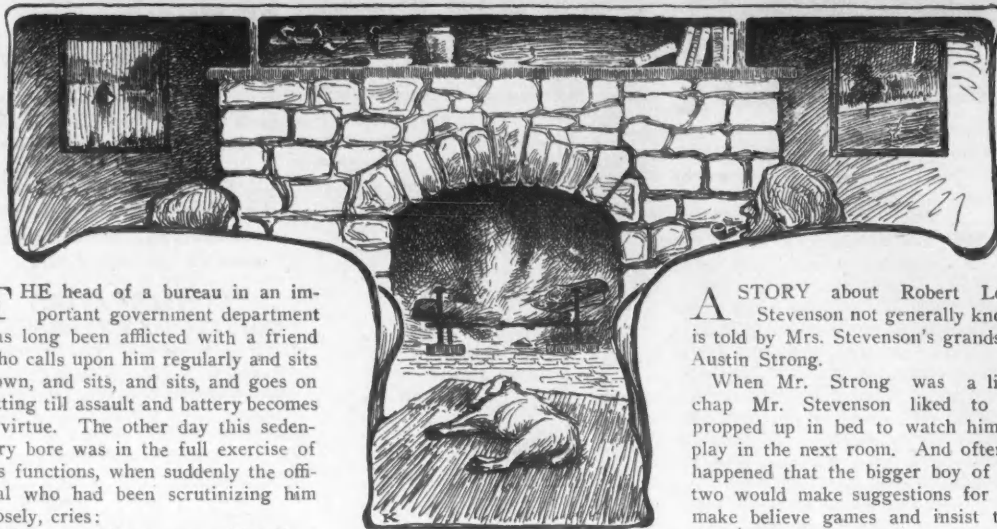
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THE head of a bureau in an important government department has long been afflicted with a friend who calls upon him regularly and sits down, and sits, and sits, and goes on sitting till assault and battery becomes a virtue. The other day this sedentary bore was in the full exercise of his functions, when suddenly the official who had been scrutinizing him closely, cries:

"I knew it! I was sure of it! Confound those office-boys with their tricks on strangers! They've been putting glue on your chair again. Hi, Jimmie, bring a sponge and a pail of water!" and pressing with all his weight on the shoulders of his victim to keep him down, he continues: "Don't stir, you'd tear the cloth, sure. Nothing is half so adhesive as glue on a cane-seat chair. Here, Jimmie, moisten this gentleman so that we can get him loose. Don't spare the water—the cloth won't shrink or fade."

The faithful messenger obeys, and when the operation is concluded the official conducts the visitor to the door and bids him farewell with the remark: "Perhaps you want to hurry home and change your clothing, so I won't keep you. If your trousers are spoiled let me know, and I'll stop the price of them out of the pay of the infernal scoundrel if I can find out who he was. Good-bye!"

His friend went like the visions of youth, never to return.

PRODUCE commission house, which prides itself on filling all orders correctly, received a letter from a customer recently saying: "Gentlemen, this is the first time we ever knew you to make a mistake in our order. You are well aware that we buy the very best country eggs. The last you sent are too poor for our trade. What shall we do with them?"

The fair fame of the house for never making an error seemed to be at stake, but the bright mind of the junior partner found a way out of it. He wrote:

"Gentlemen: We are sorry to hear that our last shipment did not suit you. There was, however, no mistake on our part. We have looked up your original order and find that it reads as follows: 'Rush fifty crates eggs. We want them bad.'"

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY, the author and clergyman, told at a dinner in Toledo a story about charity.

"A millionaire," said Dr. Brady, "lay dying. He had lived a life of which, as he now looked back on it, he felt none too proud. To the minister at his bedside he muttered weakly:

"If I leave a hundred thousand dollars or so to the church will my salvation be assured?"

"The minister answered cautiously: 'I wouldn't like to be positive, but it's well worth trying.'"

THE summer resident looked curiously at Perry Jones, the sexton of the Lanebury meeting house, as she finished her survey of the little church. "You say it seats three hundred and six people," she said, raising her lorgnette to gaze at him. "What a curious number!"

"I don't know why 'tis," replied Mr. Jones. Resentment at her tone was coupled with irritation at her calm survey of him through her impertinent eyeglass, as he stared back at her. "Strikes me it's a very sensible number. Three hundred in the body of the church, four in the choir, one on the organ-bench and a camp-stool for Hollis Prouty, that blows for Miss Cummings to play. Perhaps down your way you'd think he ought to stand all the time, being only a boy, but folks see things different in the country."

AT a certain court function, Lady Harrington was bedizened with diamonds and jewels, and looked like a stage queen of indifferent character, and she bitterly complained to George Selwyn that she was to walk with Lady Portsmouth, who would have a wig and a stick.

"Never mind," he said, "you will only look as if you were taken up by the constable."

This she repeated everywhere, under the impression the reflection was on Lady Portsmouth.

YEARS ago Mark Twain used to be fond of telling this story: At the dinner-table one day there was a party of guests for whom Mark was doing his best in the way of entertainment. A lady turned to the daughter of the humorist, then a little girl, and said: "Your father is a very funny man."

"Yes," responded the child, "when we have company!"

A STRANGE story comes from one of the Balkan States, where commercial morality is still in its infancy. At a recent banquet given at the house of the prime minister a distinguished diplomat complained to his host that the minister of justice, next to whom he was sitting, had taken his watch.

The prime minister said: "Ah, he shouldn't have done that. I will get it back for you."

Sure enough, towards the end of the evening the watch was returned to its owner.

"And what did he say?" asked the guest. "Sh-h! He does not know I have got it back," said the prime minister.

CHARLES O'CONOR and James W. Gerard were once opposed to each other in an important trial. When Mr. O'Conor produced his first witness, Mr. Gerard rose and said: "Mr. O'Conor, what do you propose to show by this witness?"

Mr. O'Conor told what he wished to prove.

"It is useless to waste the time of the court and jury in proving that," said the other; "I admit it."

Mr. O'Conor then called his next witness, and the same question and answer were repeated.

"I admit it," said Mr. Gerard; "don't let us waste time."

Another witness began, and Mr. Gerard interrupted: "I admit all you say you are going to prove. Let us hurry along."

With a rapidity which almost took O'Conor's breath away, all the facts which he had accumulated were accepted wholesale. There he rested his case, and Gerard, for the defence, called no witnesses, but at once began his address to the jury.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "some of you know me personally. I have no doubt those of you who are not personally acquainted with me know me by reputation. Now, gentlemen, you know that if my client had been guilty of any fraud, I should be the last man on earth to admit it. I should hide it from you, I should cover it up, I should fight, fight—and I know how to fight—against the proof of its getting in evidence. If my client had been guilty of fraud, do you think I would admit it? No! no! Never! never! never!" Here he looked at his watch. "Gentlemen, excuse my brevity. I have an engagement to dine to-day, and my time is almost up; I will detain you no longer." He won his case.

IT is not every one who proves the ineffectualness of insomnia cures at seven years of age.

The father of the lad, who was about seven years old, was a physician, and when the child found difficulty in getting to sleep was ready with advice.

"I'll tell you something that will soon put you to sleep," he said. "You begin and count slowly up to 100, and then another hundred, and so on, and before you know it you'll be sleeping. Try it to-night when you go to bed."

Everything remained quiet that night until the father went to retire. As he passed the boy's bed a little voice piped:

"Papa?"

"Yes, my boy."

"What comes after trillions?"

But the wakeful youngster's query was not answered; his father had vanished into his own bedroom.

A STORY about Robert Louis Stevenson not generally known is told by Mrs. Stevenson's grandson, Austin Strong.

When Mr. Strong was a little chap Mr. Stevenson liked to sit propped up in bed to watch him at play in the next room. And often it happened that the bigger boy of the two would make suggestions for the make believe games and insist that they be carried out too.

One day Austin had arranged some chairs in a row, playing that they were ships, and he, standing on the front, was the captain. For a long time he proudly walked across the deck of his vessel, encountered pirates and weathered all kinds of storms until he felt the floor positively heave under his feet.

Mr. Stevenson looked on in perfect silence, but complete absorption, no doubt playing the whole thing much the harder of the two. Finally Austin got tired of his vessel, climbed off his chair and began walking across the room to some object which had attracted his interest.

This was too much for his uncle. Still deep in the game, Mr. Stevenson rose in his sick bed and shouted excitedly at the recalcitrant sea captain:

"Swim, d— you; swim!"

SAMUEL ROGERS used to tell this story of Byron: Neither Moore nor myself had ever seen Byron when it was settled that he should dine at my house to meet Moore; nor was he known by sight to Campbell, who, happening, to call on me that morning, consented to join the party. I thought it best that I alone should be in the drawing-room when Byron entered it; and Moore and Campbell accordingly withdrew. Soon after his arrival, they returned; and I introduced them to him severally, naming them as Adam named the beasts. When we sat down to dinner, I asked Byron if he would take soup?

No, he never took soup. Would he take some fish? No; he never took fish. Presently I asked him if he would eat some mutton?

No; he never ate mutton. I then asked him if he would take a glass of wine?

No; he never tasted wine. It was now necessary to inquire what he did eat and drink; and the answer was: "Nothing but hard biscuits and soda water."

Unfortunately, neither hard biscuits nor soda water were at hand, and he dined on potatoes bruised down on his plate and drenched with vinegar. My guests stayed till very late, discussing the merits of Walter Scott and Joanna Baillie. Some days after, meeting Hobhouse, I said to him: "How long will Lord Byron persevere in his present diet?" He replied: "Just as long as you continue to notice it."

I did not know then, what I know now to be a fact,—that Byron, after leaving my house, had gone to a club in St. James street, and eaten a hearty meat supper.

JOHN S. COX, Speaker of the Tennessee Senate, had an old negro servant who liked his drink just as well as the best Kentucky colonel in the Blue Grass State. One morning just after the cold spell broke the dorky came to Senator Cox, says Judge's Library.

"Marse John," says he, "I'll just up an' clean dese winders dis maw-nin'."

"All right, Caesar," replied the senator.

"Ise got to hab a half tumbler of whisky, Marse John. D're ain't nuffin' like whisky for cleanin' winders."

The half tumbler was promptly given Caesar, who armed himself with some rags and carried the tumbler to another room to begin work. A few minutes afterward Senator Cox had occasion to enter his room. Caesar was busy polishing the windows. The tumbler was on the table, but no whisky was in it.

"Why, Caesar, what's become of the whisky?" asked the senator. "I thought you used it in this work."

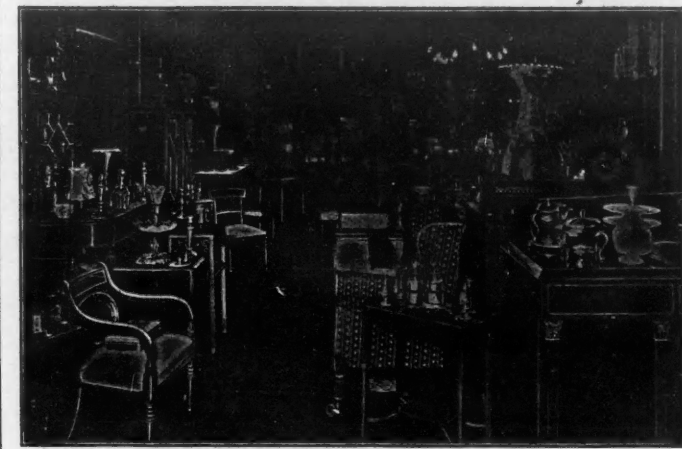
"So I does, Marse John; so I does," was the answer. "Ye see, sah, I drinks de whisky, an' blows my bref ag'n de winders."

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

AMONG the many post-Lenten weddings was that of Miss Eleanor Garrow, daughter of Hon. Justice Garrow, 49 St. George street, and Mr. Joseph Gardner Standart, of Detroit, which was celebrated with much beauty and dignity in St. Andrew's church, at half-past two o'clock on Tuesday, Rev. Crawford Brown officiating. The threatnings of the weather man who prophesied snow or rain were happily not fulfilled, for although cloudy and chill, the day was dry, and the sun shone faintly during the hour of the bridal. A large and very smart company witnessed the ceremony and enjoyed one of the greatest treats in the masterly playing of the splendid organ by Dr. Anderson, and the singing of the mixed choir of over fifty voices, the finest music heard at a wedding here for many a day. The enlargement of the church, giving a very deep chancel and central aisle, the former being flooded with soft light, and banked with huge palms and Easter lilies, has made St. Andrew's an ideal church for a wedding, and the bridal party was as pretty as could be, as it passed up the aisle led by the ushers, Mr. Edward Garrow, brother of the bride, and four friends of the bridegroom who came on from Detroit to assist at his marriage. They were Mr. James Turner, Mr. Frank Brennan, Mr. Neil Snow, Mr. George Barbour, and Mr. William Callan. Mr. Henry Standart, brother of the groom, was best man. Four bridesmaids, Miss Thurber of Detroit, Miss Helen Attrill of Goderich, Miss Constance Holt and Miss Helen Horton, and a maid of honor, Miss Beatrice Garrow, sister of the bride, preceded her to the altar, and Hon. Justice Garrow brought in the bride, last, and perhaps also least, for she looked a little fairy in her beautiful white satin draped robe des nocces, with semi-transparent guimpe and trimmings of beautiful old lace. A trail of orange blossoms fell from a little coronet of the same, over her shining fair hair, and a cloud of tulle half-veiled her *mignon* little face. Her bouquet was a cluster of lily of the valley, and her jeweled a diamond pendant centred by a whole pearl. Miss Beatrice Garrow wore white lace over chiffon and silk, and carried a nosegay of pansies, and a half wreath of pansies held in place a court veil of tulle. The bridesmaids wore mauve silk muslin gowns with broad Dresden ribbon hems, the white ribbon strewn with mauve flowers, also trimming the bodices and sleeves in kimono style, and the half wreaths of pansies holding the court veils, which are always so becoming and dainty a bridesmaid's headgear. The choir came in from the south door and proceeded slowly to their places in chancel singing "The voice that breathed o'er Eden" as the bride's procession entered the main door. The lady members of the choir wore their black gowns and velvet skull-caps, and the harmony and tone of the singing was perfect. When the bride's procession reached the chancel the ushers stood on the right and the bridesmaids on the left, very prettily grouped, and in the centre the fairy bride and her bridegroom, with the petite maid of honor. Dr. Anderson played softly during the service, the echo-organ whispering tender little melodies, and all the musical people in the church divided between the ravishing sweetness of the music and the interesting and impressive service. The words of the hymns and canticle were printed in silver on leaflets placed in each pew. After the ceremony Mrs. Garrow held a large reception at 49 St. George street, and the *dejeuner* was served in a huge marquee on the garden in rear of the house, where immense tables were beautifully decorated with pink roses, lilies and green, and loaded with all sorts of dainties. Mrs. Garrow received at the entrance to the drawing room; the bride and groom stood in an embowered bay window and the pretty attendants further on. When Mr. and Mrs. Standart led the way to the marquee, Sir Charles Moss, in a happy speech, proposed the health of the bride, and Mr. Standart responded, in a bright little sentence or two, proposing the bridesmaids. The huge *gâteau des nocces* was cut by the bride, and a very joyous half hour was spent in discussing the dainty fare and guessing who would be the next of the company to wear orange blossoms. Miss Beatrice Garrow caught the bride's bouquet as it was tossed from the landing. During the *dejeuner* an orchestra played in the hall where, as in all the rooms, lovely flowers were used in decoration. A roomful of gifts was arranged and greatly admired. An elegant silver tea and coffee service and tray was the gift of the bride's parents, but as all the cards of the donors of the hundreds of lovely things had been removed, suffice it to say that everything was beautiful, rich and attractive. Mrs. Standart changed her bridal attire for a dainty little travelling costume of pale grey and blue, and a toque of hyacinths, and the happy couple left for a honeymoon in the South at 5.20. Among the guests from out of town was the mother of the groom, Mrs. Coleman of Detroit, a very handsome and youthful-looking matron, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Garrow of Goderich, and Mrs. Henry Standart and Miss Snow of Detroit.

Mrs. Donald Ross and her fine little son are down from Winnipeg on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Dwight, who are very proud of their handsome year old grandson. Mr. Hugo Ross, who was reported seriously ill as the result of a yachting accident, is really suffering from over-exertion in rowing fourteen miles to reach his destination when the steamer by which he was travelling became disabled. Mrs. Ross is nursing her son and hopes he will soon be on his feet again.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Loudon were in town for two or three days at the week end, and left for Strathroy early this week. A few friends took tea with them in the lounge at the King Edward, where they were stopping, on Saturday afternoon, and had a merry time while Jupiter Pluvius was doing what damage he could outside. The sudden furious rainstorm caused a great commotion and scurrying for cabs and motors and telephoning for carriages and rain coats, for half the smart world was down town, at an unwanted hour, when the storm burst upon the city.

L'Alliance française held its last meeting for the season last Saturday evening, and I hear it is proposed to give a breaking-up *dance costume*, in about a week, in the Art Galleries in Jarvis street. Held in such delightful precincts and gone into with Gallic enthusiasm and taste this should be a most artistic and joyous finale to an interesting season.

That vigorous vine, the Toronto branch of the Dickens Fellowship, is bringing a famous reciter to town for one evening's recital of "Dombey & Son," in Association Hall, on Monday, May 11, at 8 p.m. As the closing event of their season, the members want it to be the best, and as Mr. William Miles, of London, has the most flattering testimonials from his English hearers, extend-

ing back over a quarter of a century, the wish of the Toronto Dickensians is sure to be fully realized. Mr. Miles is F.R.S.L. of London, England, and even with the Hubbardian jocularity over alphabetical impediments in one's memory, these initials are bound to carry weight. Beside which, many of us believe an Englishman can do Dickens better than anyone else.

Mrs. Sands, of Chicago, came up from Cobourg this week, and is on a visit to Mrs. Stephen Haas, 130 St. George street. Mrs. Sands is a remarkably pretty and clever woman, and is always a welcome guest in Toronto.

A few of the guests at the Standart-Garrow wedding on Tuesday were His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Lady Mortimer Clark, Miss Mortimer Clark, accompanied by Captain Douglas Young, Sir Charles Moss and Miss Adelaide Moss, Lady Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. John King, Judge Osler, Major and Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Mackelcan, the Misses Dunlop, Mrs. J. I. Davidson and Miss Davidson, Mrs. W. and Miss Davidson, Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mrs. H. Mowat, Miss Boulton, Mr. Reginald Geary, Mr. Neale, Mr. FitzGerald, Mr. Mickle, Rev. Crawford Brown, Miss King, Mrs. Frank Cowan, Mrs. and the Misses McMurich, Mrs. J. M. Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Tripp, Dr. and Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Shirley Denison, the Misses Dupont, Miss Dora Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Glackmeyer, Mrs. and Miss McArthur, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mr. Hahn, Mrs. Robert Cassels, the Misses Douglas, Major and Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald, Mrs. Colin Gordon and Miss Gordon, Miss Ethel Gooderham, Miss Marjorie Murray, Mr. Heaton, and many others. Lady Moss was prevented by slight indisposition from being at the wedding.

The marriage of Miss Ethel Thurston Perry and Mr. Frederick Charles Brooke, son of Mr. Charles Brooke and grandson of the late Daniel Brooke, will take place in St. Thomas' church on the third of June, at three o'clock. Rev. Canon Welch will officiate and after the marriage Mrs. Perry will give a reception at her apartments in Spadina Gardens.

Captain and Mrs. Rupert Bruce have taken a furnished flat at La Plaza for the summer. Mrs. Bruce received last Thursday and Friday at her grandmother, Mrs. Irving's home, in St. George street, and had a great many callers. She was very daintily and simply gowned in very pale blue, and a party of her girl friends assisted in the tea room, which was prettily arranged and the table decorated with exquisite flowers.

Mrs. C. A. E. Colwell, Pape avenue, gave two very pretty birthday parties on Wednesday and Friday of last week. The table decorations were carnations and roses. The dining-room was also decorated in red and green. The date being Miss Madeleine's seventh birthday, each of their parents accompanied them, and about twenty-five young guests sat down to tea. The evening was spent in songs, recitations and dancing. Miss Cecil Colwell accompanying them on the piano. Miss Marion Milne danced prettily, while baby Vipond recited to the astonishment of all. Congratulations were extended, and all went home with happy remembrances.

The production of "Three Little Maids," under the auspices of the Toronto Press Club, at the Royal Alexandra Theatre on May 7, 8 and 9, will be under the patronage of His Excellency the Governor General, His Honor Sir Mortimer Clark, the Prime Minister of Ontario and Mrs. Whitney, Mayor and Mrs. Oliver, Hon. Adam and Mrs. Beck, Hon. J. J. Foy, Hon. W. J. Hanna, Hon. A. J. Matheson, Hon. Nelson and Mrs. Monteith, Hon. R. A. and Mrs. Pyne, Hon. J. O. and Mrs. Reame, Hon. Sir William and Lady Mulock, Hon. Chief Justice and Mrs. Falconbridge, Hon. Justice Britton, Hon. Justice and Mrs. Clute, Hon. Justice and Mrs. McMahon, Hon. Justice Osler, Hon. Justice and Mrs. Riddell, Judge and Mrs. Winchester, Col. Sir Henry M. and Lady Pellett, Col. George T. and Mrs. Denison, Lieut.-Col. John I. and Mrs. Davidson, Lieut.-Col. D. M. Robertson, Lieut.-Col. Septimus and Mrs. Denison, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Chadwick, Mr. J. E. and Mrs. Atkinson, Mr. Edmund and Mrs. Bristol, Mr. K. J. and Mrs. Dunstan, Mr. George A. and Mrs. Case, Mr. J. W. and Mrs. Flavelle, Mr. H. M. and Mrs. Fletcher, Mr. M. J. and Mrs. Haney, Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman, Hon. Robert Jaffray, Mr. E. F. B. and Mrs. Johnston, Mr. P. C. and Mrs. Larkin, Mr. Thomas and Mrs. Long, Mr. W. K. and Mrs. McNaught, Mr. J. A. and Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. A. Claude Macdonell, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, of Benvenuto; Mr. H. M. and Mrs. Mowat, Mr. R. A. and Mrs. Smith, Dr. F. H. and Mrs. Torrington, Dr. A. S. and Mrs. Vogt, Mr. Byron E. and Mrs. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Willison.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Stout have sent out invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Charlotte Edith Stout, and Mr. Albert Henry Montgomery. The ceremony will take place in their apartments at St. George Mansions on May 12 at three o'clock.

The Ladies' Club was crowded with the members and their guests on Saturday afternoon, when a housewarming tea was in progress, to mark the migration of the Club to its present attractive quarters in Yonge street arcade. Far above the busy street the light and airy rooms presented a brilliant tableau about five o'clock. A musical programme was arranged by Mrs. H. Campbell Osborne. Mrs. Houston, Count Rochereau de la Sabliere, the newly appointed French Consul; Mr. R. S. Pigott and Miss Smellie took part. Tea was served from a very pretty buffet decorated with spring flowers, and there were heaps of men present, some of whom regretted that only now and then it is permitted to them to set foot in such dainty precincts. Mrs. Davidson, president of the club, received, and all the pretty women in town seemed to be chatting and taking tea about five. Mrs. Clinch brought two charming ones, Mrs. Richardson, of Chicago and Mrs. Hatley. Mr. Beverley McInnes and Miss Muriel Macdougall, Mrs. and Miss F. Sprague, Mrs. Hay, Mrs. W. and Mrs. J. Ince, Miss Helen Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Plumb, the Misses Elmsley, Mrs. Stanley Clarke, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. G. P. and Miss Reid, Mr. Harman, Mr. and Miss Law, Mr. and Mrs. Pepler, Mrs. Bruce Riordan, Mrs. Calderwood, Mrs. Riddell and Mrs. James, Mrs. Matthews, the Misses Yarker, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cawthra, Mrs. Adamson, Mrs. H. C. Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. James Scott, Mrs. Arthur Grasett, Mrs. Charles O'Reilly, Dr. Brefney O'Reilly, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, and many others.



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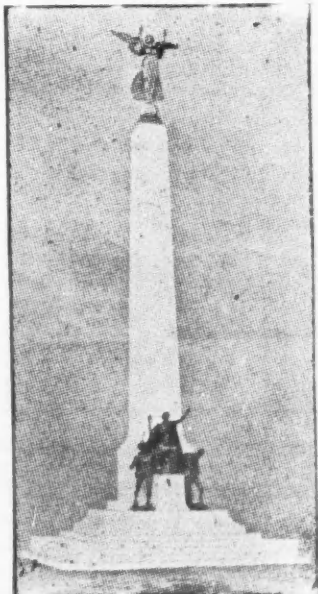
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Tournament Proceeds to Augment Memorial Fund.

THE announcement that the proceeds of the 6th Military Tournament of the Toronto Garrison, to be held at the Armouries on May 13, 14, 15 and 16, will be devoted to the South African Memorial has revived interest in that worthy object. The South African Memorial Association was organized in Toronto in 1904 for the purpose of erecting in this city a monument to the memory of the Canadian soldiers, about 200 in number, who were killed in action or died of wounds and disease while



Memorial Statue to Boer War Heroes to be erected in Toronto.

on service during the Boer war of 1899-1902. Competitive designs were advertised for, and, of the thirty-six submitted, one by Mr. Walter Allward, of Toronto, was finally selected, and the illustration presented herewith is a photograph made from a sketch model of this design.

Mr. Allward is making satisfactory progress with the work, the centre figure being completed and the sol-

dier on the right and the centre figure in place. The third model is well under way, and it is expected the work will be finished in about another year. It will then remain to obtain the granite column and select a suitable site.

The monument will consist of a granite column seventy feet in height, with three bronze figures ten feet in height on the base, representing Canada sending out her soldiers, the whole surmounted by a bronzed, winged figure eighteen feet in height on the base, representing "Peace." Around the base will be engraved the name of every Canadian who was killed or who died on service during the war, thus making it, not a mere local memorial, but one representing the whole Canadian people. It is estimated that the cost of the monument will not exceed \$35,000, of which sum the following has been subscribed or guaranteed: City of Toronto, \$5,000; Ontario Government, \$5,000; banks, \$5,000; militia and public schools, Toronto, \$14,000, and it is expected that the Dominion Government will supplement this with a grant of \$5,000.

As the last Military Tournament was held in Toronto in May, 1903, and as the programme being prepared for the forthcoming event is of a pretentious character, it is confidently expected that the Memorial Fund will be greatly augmented by the approaching entertainment.

A TREAT IN STORE FOR YOU.

Caruso, the world's greatest tenor, can be heard in recital on the famous Victor Victrola, on Tuesday evening next, May 5, at 8.15 p.m., in the large recital hall of the R. S. Williams & Sons, Co., Ltd. Let nothing keep you away. A duplicate of the Massey Hall programme will be given, including the famous Rigoletto Quartette. 143 Yonge street is the address, and yourself and friends are invited.

Mrs. Robert James announces the engagement of her daughter, Mabel, and Dr. W. J. Dobbie. The marriage will take place very quietly early in June.

SOCIETY

LADY KIRKPATRICK, of Cloosburn, left for Halifax on Wednesday evening, whence she will sail by the C. P. R. boat this week. During her short visit, to set her home in order for leasing to the military authorities, she has been very much occupied; everybody wanted her; dinners, luncheons, teas were offered in every direction, and she had also to superintend the packing and other disposal of her many household effects, as she took many of her things to furnish her apartment in London, and had many sold by auction this week. Only her well-known perfect system in arranging busy hours and her fine store of energy enabled her to look as bright and handsome at the Elmsley-Boulton reception, as if she hadn't done a thing but rest. With great regret one is forced to acknowledge that it may be farewell for a long time by her Toronto friends to this gracious and fascinating woman, as her only son being stationed in England, and the charming circle of her sisters all being across the sea, her nearest ties are not hereabouts.

A special convocation for the conferring of a degree of Doctor of Music on Sir Frederick Bridge was held yesterday at three o'clock, in Convocation Hall. Sir Frederick Bridge has already many friends in Toronto, and the writer has grateful memory of a courtesy extended in Westminster Abbey which was greatly appreciated. Sir Frederick Bridge can say with great veracity that "honors are even," as he honors the offered distinction as much as it honors him.

Colonel Smith, of London, was in town for the Elmsley-Boulton wedding and the Horse Show.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold A. Richardson, of Santa Barbara, California, who at present are residing in the west end of London, England, have taken a box for the Olympia horse show to be held in June. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson are thinking of living permanently in England.

Mrs. L. R. Peacock, of Fort Rouge, Winnipeg, accompanied by her sister, Miss Wilson, is spending a few months at the home of her mother, Mrs. Wilson, 254 Rusholme road.

A dinner of thirty-six covers was given by Sir Mortimer Clark to the president, officers and exhibitors at the Horse Show, on Thursday evening at Government House. His Honor expressed great interest in the success of the show, and was most cordial in welcoming his guests.

Mrs. Mabey, who has been for some time in St. John's Hospital under the care of its gentle Sisters, has returned home quite better, and her friends are congratulating her on her recovered health. Miss Elsie Thorold is at the Queen's with Miss McLaren, Mrs. McLaren, who was taken ill at that hotel some time ago, being still in St. John's Hospital.

On Tuesday night, a very delightful impromptu dance was given by Mrs. John I. Davidson for some of her daughter Helen's, young friends, but mainly for the wedding guests in town. The invitations were by telephone and the dance was quite small. Needless to say, in such a charming home, and with such a popular assistant hostess as Miss Helen Davidson, the hours flew all too quickly.

The marriage of Miss Mabel Kidner, daughter of Mr. John Kidner, and Mr. Archibald V. Cousins, was celebrated in St. Andrew's Memorial church, Detroit, at four o'clock on Easter Monday. The Easter decorations made the sanctuary additionally beautiful. Miss Marion Cousins was bridesmaid and Mr. James V. Varley was best man. Mrs. Edward Beck, aunt of the bride, gave the wedding dejeuner at her residence. Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Cousins will make their home at 194 Commonwealth avenue, Detroit, where the bride will receive after June 7.

A pretty wedding was solemnized on Saturday last at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Forbes McHardy, when Mary Lillian, daughter of the late Forbes McHardy, became the wife of Branwell Bronte Moore. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. G. Milligan, D.D., the drawing-room being decorated with lilies and palms. The sister of the bride, Miss Jean McHardy, acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. Lorne Graham, of Hamilton, was best man. Only the immediate relatives of the bride and groom and a few old friends were present. The happy couple afterwards left for Atlantic City and New

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Old Irish Whiskey

Especially suitable to those who do not like strong flavored Whiskies.

The extreme softness, mellowness and fine character are produced by age and high quality.

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York, and upon their return will make their home in Toronto.

Mr. W. Grant Morden is stopping at the King Edward.

Mr. C. S. Wright, winner of the Exhibition of 1851, Science Research Scholarship, graduated this year in Physics from University College. Mr. Wright took his preparatory work in Upper Canada College, where he entered in 1900. He was head boy of the college in 1903-4, and, on matriculating, won fourth place in General Proficiency in the University of Toronto Examinations. During his undergraduate course Mr. Wright has taken first class honors each year in the department of Mathematics and Physics, and throughout has shown unusual ability in original research, which has resulted in the production of several theses of special value from a scientific point of view. The scholarship has an annual value of \$750 and is tenable for three years.

Mrs. Henry Cawthra and Miss Cawthra have returned home.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Harman, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Bruce Harman, to Mr. Haynes Challoner, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Toronto.

The engagement of Miss Errol Nordheimer, of Glenedyth, and Mr. Edward Houston, of Ottawa, is announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, of Clover Hill will leave for England in about three weeks.

Mr. George Tate Blackstock gave a pleasant little dinner at the Hunt Club last Saturday evening for a few friends visiting in town. Among the guests were Mrs. Smith, of Moncton; Miss Slade, Mrs. Richardson, of Chicago, and Mrs. Hatley. Mrs. Richardson and Mrs. Hatley are spending some time in town, en pen-

sion at the Arlington, and are both more than entitled to the adjective "charming," as all fortunate enough to have met them heartily agree.

The quickness and knowledge of Adam Beck and young Crowe on Wednesday night averted what might have been a serious mix-up, when one of the pairs on exhibition became frightened by the music and ran amuck among the others. Mr. Beck vaulted over the rail and caught one rein and young Crowe the other and brought the pair to a stop, barely in time to avoid a collision. Everyone cheered.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Browne announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Miss Yoda Browne, to Mr. Robert Edwin Moody. The wedding will take place quietly the early part of June.

Mrs. Le Grand Reed returned from Preston on Wednesday, quite recovered from her cold, and will present a brilliant programme at her recital on the 6th.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

BIRTHS.

KENT—At 214 Poplar Plains Road, April 23, to Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Kent, a daughter.

GUNN—At 670 Sherbrooke, W., on April 23, to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Gunn, a daughter.

WITHROW—At Fort William, on April 23, to Dr. Oswald C. and Mrs. Withrow, a son, Evan Oswald.

MARRIAGES.

STUART-NORTHCOTE — At St. Mark's church, Parkdale, April 22, Ethel Florence, only daughter of B. L. Northcote, to George Gebhard Stuart, son of F. F. Stuart, of Niagara Falls.

GARVEY-MICKLEBOROUGH — At St. Thomas, April 29, Amelia

CANADIAN NATIONAL

HORSE SHOW

St. Lawrence Area Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat. April 29, 30, May 1 & 2

Res. seat sale begins Tyrrell's bookstore, 7 King street east, on Friday, April 24.

Prices—50c., \$1.00, \$1.50.

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E., youngest daughter of Wm. Mickleborough, Esq., of St. Thomas, to John Garvey, Jr., of London.
STEPHENS-MATHEWS—At All Saints' church, Collingwood, April 29, May Windrum, daughter of S. W. Mathews, to Chas. Trott Stephens, son of C. E. Stephens.

DEATHS.

WILLOUGHBY—At Colborne, April 28, Hon. Wm. Arnson Willoughby, M.D., aged 64 years.
MORRIS—In Toronto, April 22, Margaret Cline, widow of the late Hon. Alexander Morris, P.C., D. C.L.

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MINERAL WATER

Nature's own way of cleansing the body is most simple. She provides a pure and wholesome Mineral Water as a laxative and health tonic. Keep yourself in healthy condition by drinking half a glass on arising in the morning.

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The intention of the imitator is to confuse you by copying the name of the original.

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Original in manufacture, will satisfy the most delicate taste.
You get the proof, try a sample loaf.

PHONE COLLEGE 3561.

Society at the Capital

TENNYSON'S well known lines, "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," appears at present to be well proven among our young people, judging by the number of reports of engagements that are in the air. One of these, which has just been announced, is an exceedingly interesting one, owing to the extreme popularity of the young lady in the case, and is that of Miss Mabel Ferguson, second daughter of Donald Ferguson, Esq., of Beamsville, (late of Bradford, Ont.), to Mr. Edward Dunlop, M.P.P., of Pembroke. Miss Ferguson has made her home in Ottawa for the past six years, and is one of the brightest and handsomest girls in the Capital's "smart set."

The marriage will take place in June, and in the meantime the young couple are receiving showers of congratulations from every quarter. Another equally interesting engagement which was announced during Easter week, in New York—that being the home of the bride-elect—is that of Miss Bessie Van Dusen, daughter of Mr. Samuel Van Dusen, to Mr. Fred Hogg, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Drummond Hogg, of Somerset street, and a member of the law firm of Messrs. Hogg and Magee. Miss Van Dusen has on various occasions been a guest in Ottawa and last winter spent several weeks here with Mrs. Alex. C. Hill and Miss Marion Lindsay. The Van Dusen family have a summer residence at Murray Bay, where they have made friends of many Ottawans who also spend their summers there.

There are whispers of two more engagements to be shortly announced, one involving a prominent society girl who, it is said, will wed a popular Toronto banker.

A QUIET wedding took place at Christ Church Cathedral on Wednesday afternoon, when Miss Geraldine Constance Dunlevie, only daughter of the late Mr. M. K. Dunlevie and Mrs. Dunlevie, of Gilmour street, became the wife of Mr. Francis Pallister Dods, of Winnipeg, youngest son of Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D., principal of Edinburgh (Scotland) University. Rev. Canon Kittson officiated at the ceremony, which took place in the same spot where the bride's parents were married some years ago by the late Very Rev. Dean Lauder. The church was very prettily decorated with white blossoms, palms and ferns; and Mr. Arthur Dorey presided at the organ, playing the Wedding March and other selections in his usual masterly manner.

Owing to the recent bereavement of the family, in the death of the bride's father, several months ago, the wedding was of an exceedingly quiet nature, only very near relatives and one or two intimate girl-friends of the bride being present. The bride, who came in on the arm of her brother, Mr. Vivian Dunlevie, looked sweet and lovely in a tailored costume of light grey chiffon broadcloth, the coat of which opened over a dainty white lace blouse. A picture hat of light grey, with ostrich plumes, was particularly becoming, and a large bouquet of white lilacs put the finishing touch to a most effective and charming costume on one of the prettiest brides that has ever entered the cathedral.

On the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal party drove to Mrs. Dunlevie's residence, where light refreshments were partaken of, and the health of the happy young couple was proposed by Rev. Canon Kittson and responded to in a bright little speech by the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Dods left on the afternoon train for Montreal, en route to St. John, N. B., whence they sailed on Friday, via the Victorian, to spend a three months' honeymoon in Scotland with relatives of Mr. Dods, and on the Continent.

Besides a large number of handsome presents which await the bride on the other side of the Atlantic, she was the recipient of many costly and well-chosen gifts from her numerous friends and companions in the Capital, among which was a much-appreciated and handsome travelling cloak, presented by the members of St. Barnabas church, of which she was a devoted attendant. The gifts of the groom were a beautiful diamond and pearl ring and a seal leather dressing case with silver fittings. On their return from the old country, Mr. and Mrs. Dods will stay a short time in the Capital before going on to their home in Winnipeg.

A NUMBER of the junior bachelors on Easter Monday evening, gave a jolly dinner-dance at the Golf Club, the hosts including Mr. Allan Gill, Mr. Ford Sherwood, Mr. Ted

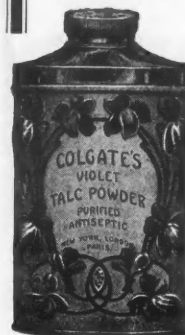
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For chafing, chapped hands, excessive perspiration, cuts and bruises, after shaving or bathing, it is unequalled. For a cut it is better than alum. It rests tired feet, and makes dressing easy. In three styles, Violet, Cashmere Bouquet, Unscented.



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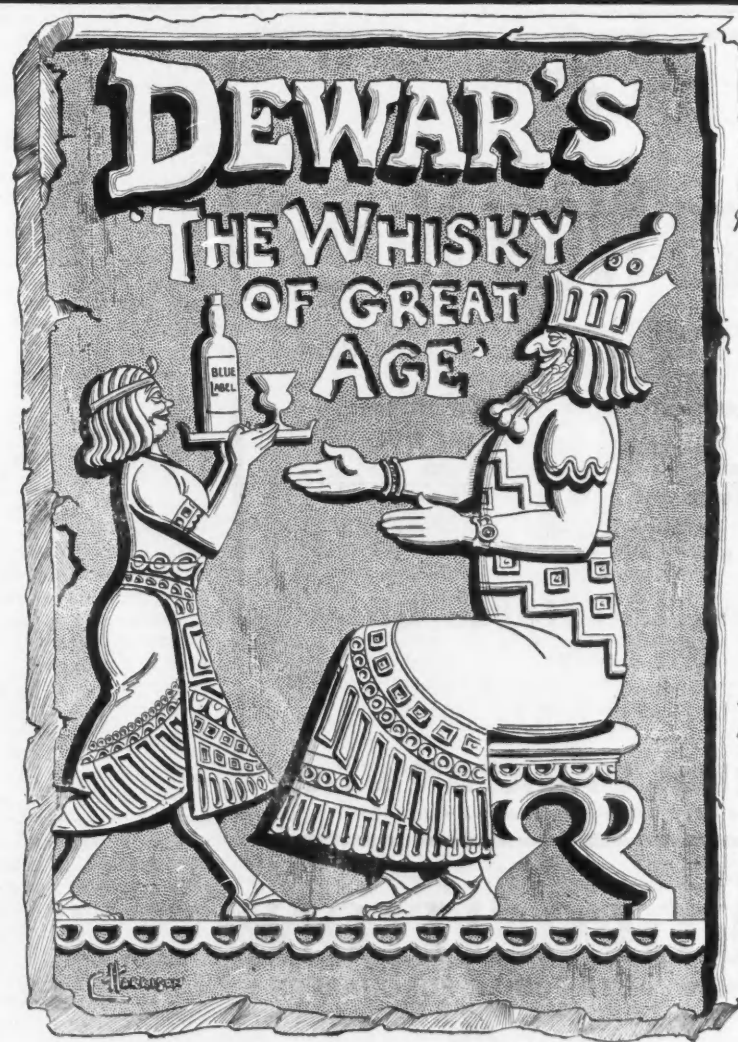
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Trial packages of both Cashmere Bouquet Talc Powder and Cashmere Bouquet Soap sent for 10 cts. (in stamps). Full size packages for 25 cts. each if not obtainable locally. Colgate & Co., Dept. F, Coristine Bldg., Montreal.

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Devlin, Mr. Owen Toller, Mr. Archie Gray and Mr. Kenneth Macpherson. The party, who went to and from the Golf Club House by tram, was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Venn Henderson, and the girls who enjoyed the successful little event were Miss Evelyn Powell, Miss Gladys Carling, Miss Anna Oliver, Miss Mahni Power, Miss Eva Lessard, Miss Oswald Haycock, Miss Kathleen Ross, and Miss Beatrice Chadwick. Pink roses and Easter lilies made a dainty and fragrant combination in the table decorations.

Miss Marjorie Macpherson, Miss Helena Hughson and Miss Nora McKiel assisted Miss Katie Christie in looking after the comfort of the guests.

MISS MARY SCOTT, daughter of the Secretary of State, has sent out invitations for twin teas to come off on Monday and Tuesday afternoons of this week.

THE CHAPERONE.
Ottawa, April 27, 1908.

A TREAT IN STORE FOR YOU.

Caruso, the world's greatest tenor, can be heard in recital on the famous Victor Victrola, on Tuesday evening next, May 5, at 8.15 p.m., in the large recital hall of the R. S. Williams & Sons, Co., Ltd. Let nothing keep you away. A duplicate of the Massey Hall programme will be given, including the famous Rigoletto Quartette. 143 Yonge street is the address, and yourself and friends are invited.

An Irish M. P. was denouncing the measure taken by an opponent in a proposal that was before the House of Lords. Argument waxed keen, and the Irishman, in his earnestness and anxiety to carry his point, convulsed the House with this hopelessly mixed metaphor. "My lord," he said, addressing the chair; "I smell a rat. I see it floating in the air; but, Mr. Speaker, I'll nip it in the bud."



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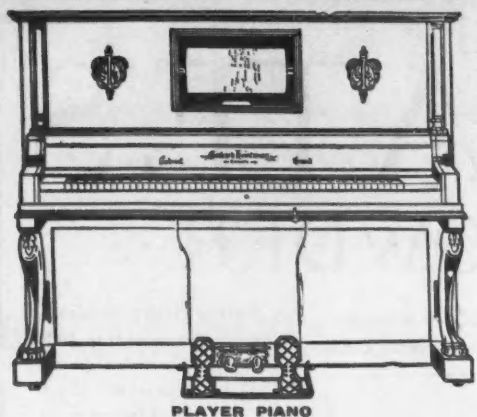
It never varies in quality—

The finest quality,

And you wouldn't find a "sour" or "sad" loaf if you stood by and picked every loaf as it comes from the big super-heated ovens from May day to May day.

Phone North 133, and the Bredin's wagon will call.

Or get it at your grocer's—5 cents.



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Have you a friend that sings or plays any instrument? Then you can always accompany the voice or instrument. **No matter what key.**

The GERHARD HEINTZMAN plays all the 88 notes of the piano; the best of other makes only play 65 notes. **Would you buy a 65 note piano? Certainly not; then why buy a 65 note player?**

The GERHARD HEINTZMAN gives absolute control of the tempo, has perfect transposing keyboard, and a complete accentuating device, **allowing anyone to play the most difficult music exactly as the composer intended it to be played.**

Your present instrument taken as part payment.

All particulars mailed free on application.

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More New Rugs

Our Spring importations of new Oriental Rugs are coming in now and they comprise very handsome high-grade specimens of the following kinds:

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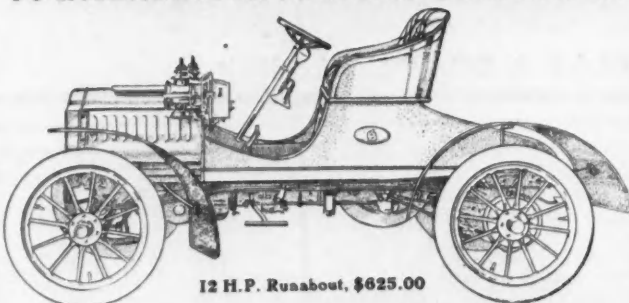
We have the finest collection of rare Persian Rugs in Canada and we invite inspection.

During the Horse Show

For the benefit of our friends out of the city visiting the horse show who could not take advantage of our recent fire sale, we are offering special reductions which will make any purchase made here a decided bargain.

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Write phone or call and we will be pleased to discuss the matter with you.

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Preserve the Birds.

"EVERY spring," quoth Old Twilight, "there is a convention of fellers who meet to devise ways an' means of preserving the moose, an' the deer, an' the beaver. They sometimes include the muskrat and the bullfrog. They send deppytations to parliament an' they get purty near all they ast fer. Why, away up north a half-starved settler, who has been living on dried codfish an' potatoes all winter, dassen't shoot a deer out uv season, even if a mouthful of fresh meat would save the hull fambly from havin' the bush fever an' the Red river fever an' the mountain fever an' the coast fever—all the same thing. I don't find fault with these fellers; but there are things that need pertection a dang sight more'n the wild beasts up north. I'm alludin' to the birds. I don't see ner hear as many of um this spring as I used to. They are gittin' scarcer every year, just becuz they are not pertected and the laws fer their pertection ain't enforced, if thur is any. That's the reason we've got to spray our stuff. We've got to spray our fruit trees; we've got to spray our berry bushes; we've got to spray our taters an' turn-mots—purty soon we'll hev to spray our grain crops an' our grass, an', by ginger! the day'll come when we will hev to spray ourselves, especially the old folks an' the kids.

"We wouldn't need no sprayin' machines if we had lots of birds.

"If the women would make as much fuss about the air gun evil in connection with boys an' youths as they do 'bout the cigaret evil, they would be doin' somethin' fer the country. An air gun ain't unhealthy fer a boy, but it's mighty unhealthy for a robin er a warbler er a woodpecker—an' don't you fergit it. What good is an air gun, anyway? No good 'tall! If the women would up'n ast the gov'ment to forbid their manufacture an' sale, the hull country would be with them. An' then the cats! They's millions uv cats strollin' round this country who spend every summer huntin' birds. What good are them cats? No good 'tall! It wouldn't do, mebbe, to kill all the cats, but if a body was stuck on a cat, why, let him git out a license fer it, same's a dog, an' make him put a tag on it, an' then clean up all the felines that nobody owns. That would give the birds a chance. People don't encourage the birds to come around; they'd sooner depend on paris green an' coppers. The trees are gettin' scarce, and in the long drouths the water holes an' springs dry up. What's the matter with nailin' up bird boxes an' have a bird bath in every orchard? You can't believe how the birds would appreciate that.

"But I'm down on air guns. The pot-hunter with his two-dollar shot gun goin' about killin' everything he sees is bad enough, but you can hear that feller an' smell his smoke; but the feller with the air gun kin shoot the swallers in yer barn and you, milkin' in the yard, won't know nothin' 'bout it. Dang! A generation from now folks will wonder what a crow looked like, and you'll hev to go to a picter book to see a robin!"—The Khan in The Hamilton Herald.

When the Lord makes a fool, the devil gives him a tongue.—Life.

"TWEENIES," Imported Little Cigars

TWEENIES are made of the very finest cigar tobacco—of leaves that are just too small to be rolled into choice Havanas. They are, therefore, the most expensive cigars in miniature. In England Tweenies are great favorites in all the principal Clubs, in the House of Lords, and, in fact, with smokers everywhere. The reason is—quality.

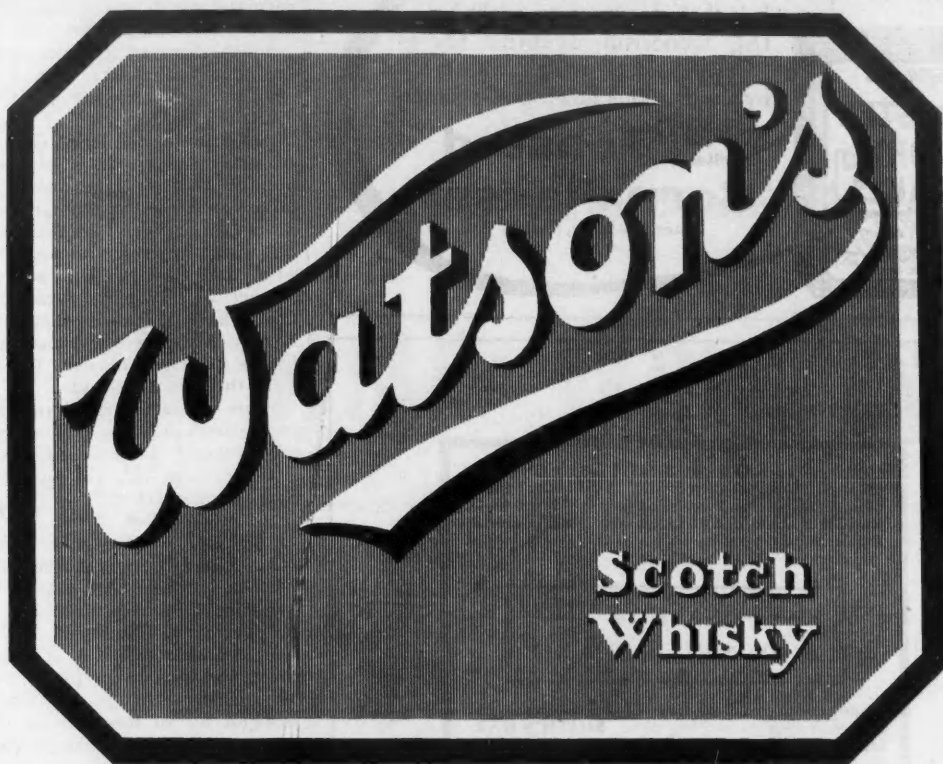
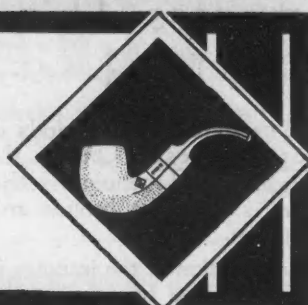
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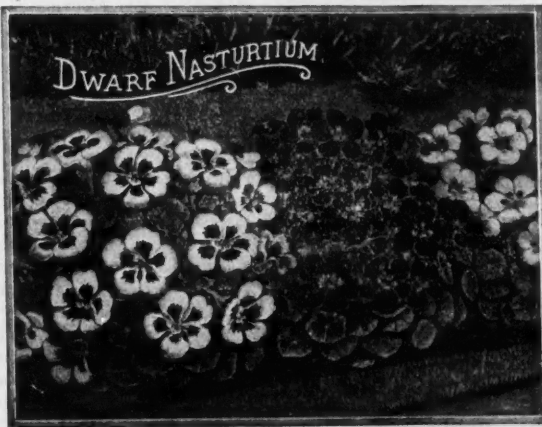


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Mrs. Ascum—Have you any 5-cent stamps? Drug Clerk (absent-mindedly)—No, ma'am, but we have something just as good. Mrs. Ascum—Ha! ha! force of habit. That's where I caught you. Drug Clerk—Not at all, ma'am. I can give you two twos and a one.—Philadelphia Press.

A traveller who has just returned from Boston says that in the reading-room of one of the most exclusive clubs in the Hub there is a sign that reads: "Only Low Conversation Permitted Here."

Love's Tapestry.

S AID she, "Go fetch the palest stars
That blossom in the Summer skies,
The amber tissue of the sun,
A flight of opal butterflies;

"A skein of silver from the moon,
And trembling green from off the trees;
The rainbow that but yesterday
Was wonderful against the breeze;

"The whitest rose that ever blew,
The dewy emerald of the lawn;
And all the apple-buds that laid
Their pearly lips against the dawn;

"And fetch the nights I watched for him,
And find the veil of tears I cried;
And bring the little sob that broke
My heart upon the night he died.

"Then in the twilight I shall sit,
And never hear the years that flee,
But weave a beauteous tapestry
Of dreams about my love and me."
—Archibald Sullivan in The Smart Set.

SUMMER TOURIST RATES.

Effective May 1st, return tickets will be issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway to all Muskoka Lakes resorts at special low summer rates. Commencing May 4th, a new train will leave Toronto at 9.30 a.m., arriving Bala at 1.00 p.m., there connecting with steamers for all lake points.

SOMETHING TO LEARN.

How to live; how to laugh; how to preserve health; how to preserve the complexion. Campana's Italian Balm answers the last, as it is a synonym for a clear, beautiful skin.

"Is your husband having any luck at the racetrack?" "Some luck," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "He hasn't caught cold nor had his pockets picked."—Washington Star.

"Any signs of spring out your way?" "Yes, we've all got over the grippe and have nothing new but neuralgia."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.